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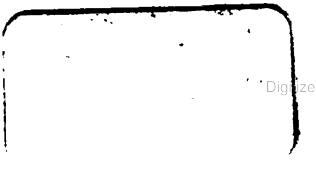
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GERHARD SISTERS PHOTO

MRS. MILDRED S. McFADEN
Ambassador from Missouri

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WOMEN
MBASSADORS
ABROAD

BY

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WOMEN AMBASSADORS ABROAD

By

MILDRED S. McFADEN

THE MANGAN PRINTING COMPANY
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1914

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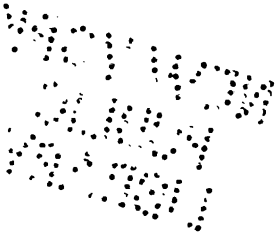

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To

The Woman's Republic

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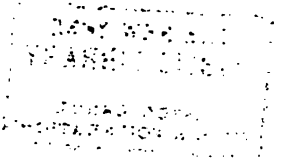

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MRS. MABEL G. LEWIS
President of Woman's Republic

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Foreword

To Mrs. Mildred S. McFaden,

Ambassador of the State of Missouri to Europe, Governor of the State of Missouri, Woman's Republic:

The mission on which the Ambassadors of the Woman's Republic were sent to Europe was one of peace and good will. Not only have you made permanent record of this purpose in "Women Ambassadors Abroad," but you have given a most graphic account of your travels.

Many will read your book simply for the story of your journeyings, which you have so charmingly told. Others, looking deeper, will see the promise of better things to come.

As your narrative is making its appearance in print, the most disastrous war of all history is ravaging Europe. Many of the noble structures of which you write are falling a prey to hostile troops and invading armies. But in this stupendous conflict, which I feel sure must result in universal disarmament, women, with eyes tear-wet, are, through sheer force of necessity, filling the places of men in a thousand pursuits hitherto closed to them. Throughout the fearsome struggle, with its pitiless sacrifice of men, woman's sphere will so enlarge and strengthen that when peace at last shall come, she will find herself in a new position—a position of equality and partnership with man in all the

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world's activities. Then, it may be, the seeds sown by your embassy throughout Europe will spring up, blossom and ripen into abundant harvest—world-wide peace, world-wide brotherhood in one grand commonwealth, knowing no bounds of state, or race, or creed.

The Woman's Republic, through its Department of Peace, is now marshaling and mobilizing its World Peace Army to this end, that at the psychological moment, it may exert its full influence and power in bringing about international peace, and with it international disarmament.

Upon you, as historian, has rested the task of recording and preserving the meaning of your mission abroad. You have well breathed its spirit into your work.

I commend your book most heartily to all. Your vivid pictures of places and peoples now in the limelight through the daily news dispatches will hold peculiar interest for the general public. Many will read it for its wealth of information, and for the beauty of its literature, while thousands, loyal to the Purple and White, will grasp a meaning far deeper than appears upon the surface. I congratulate you.

Most sincerely yours,

MABEL G. LEWIS,

President Woman's Republic.

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Author's Note

Ever since I was a little girl and used to lie on the soft grass and look up at the white clouds drifting fleecily across the blue sky, I have dreamed dreams and seen visions. Even at that early period of my life, Ambition had "lifted my humble window and come in"—for I wanted to know things, see things, do things.

As the years have flitted by, and dream after dream has come true, I have found my vantage point a little higher, my horizon a little broader, my vision a little clearer.

I have never "lain in the lilies" of life. An impelling force has ever urged me on to ceaseless endeavor. Sometimes, indeed, when I have longed to loiter by the wayside, or tarry in tranquil gardens, I have said to myself, "I have wandered far enough; I will stop here." But, lo, Ambition is again tapping at my window and Opportunity stands knocking at my door; and I, like a veritable vagabond, respond to the one and follow the other.

Therefore, when I, as one of twenty ambassadors, was chosen by the Woman's Republic to carry a message of peace and good will to the Woman's International Suffrage Alliance Congress held in Budapest, Hungary, it seemed the logical sequence of things—another beautiful stepping-stone to a richer life and greater achievement.

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Beginning the Journey

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BOOK NUMBER ONE.

Beginning the Journey

AT high noon, Saturday, May twenty-fourth, the western contingent of the Woman's Republic Peace Ambassadors boarded a Pullman car on the Pennsylvania line, at St. Louis, bound for New York City, at which place the entire embassy was scheduled to meet two days prior to sailing for Europe.

This embassy, comprising twenty representative women from all sections of the United States, was chosen by popular vote of the Woman's Republic to carry its greetings and a message of goodwill to the Woman's International Suffrage Alliance Congress, convening in the city of Budapest, Hungary, June fifteenth to twentieth, inclusive; and also to offer for adoption by that assembly of splendid women a resolution embodying a plea for world-wide peace.

The readers of the Republic's official organ—the Woman's National Weekly—are, of course, familiar with the plan and purpose of this pilgrimage, so to speak, and while each one of us had known for some weeks that we would leave on this date, I do not believe any of us fully realized the situation until goodbyes had been said, bon voyage wishes and sentiments expressed and the train was pulling out

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of Union Station amidst the waving of handkerchiefs and the wafting of kisses from the dear friends who were seeing us off.

The day was ideal. Mother Nature seemed to speed and bless our departure with her sunniest smiles and balmiest breezes. Soon we had slipped through the tunnel, passed over the Eads bridge and were gliding smoothly over the fertile prairies of Illinois.

Each of us felt little heart-throbs of tenderness going out to the loved ones we were leaving behind, but these emotions were kept bravely under control through the realization of the high mission with which we had been entrusted and honored. It was readily seen that the whole party was a unit in its desire to carry out the purposes and ideals which inspired the undertaking.

After a delightful luncheon, served in the dining car, tables were placed in the various sections, and letters to the "home folks" were written and handed off at every stopping place. We had an entire Pullman to ourselves and could, therefore, visit informally as we flitted over the broad wheat fields of Illinois and the vast corn fields of Indiana. We reached Indianapolis just as the setting sun was gilding the dome of the capitol building with departing rays of golden glory.

The strenuosity of getting ready for this journey was telling a little on the most of us. It was scarcely dark when one of the ladies asked if we might

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have our berths made up. "Suttenly," said the big ebony-skinned porter; "you can't have 'em made up too soon to suit me. That's what I likes about the ladies; they's always ready to go to bed early, and don't want to sit up and smoke all night."

We retired with the mental reservation that we would sleep just as long as we wanted to the next morning. But a peep at early dawn from the windows of our berths dispelled any inclination to remain in bed. Nature was spreading out her wonderful pictures in a way that could not be resisted. As we sat at breakfast we enjoyed a double feast—a feast of body and a feast of soul—and while we enjoyed the material food spread so appetizingly before us, we enjoyed even more the ever-shifting, ever-charming panorama of natural beauty revealed through the wide windows of the diner.

After breakfast we assembled in the observation car to better enjoy the beautiful scenery. Surely it was a picture to gladden the heart of the artist, and inspire the soul of the poet. Nor is it to be wondered that we soon exhausted all the adjectives at our command. Vistas of rare beauty, nestled within the verdure-clad mountains, unfolded themselves at every turn of the road as it follows the sinuous bends and turns of the winding Susquehanna. Occasionally a picturesque village revealed itself snuggled within a sheltered valley, while a spirit of peace and rest seemed brooding everywhere.

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The crowning bit of scenic charm, however, hovered about the wide-famed Horseshoe Curve—a portion of the road which, as its name indicates, forms a horseshoe. It is double-tracked and, as our train wound around it, a long freight train was passing in the opposite direction, making a well-nigh complete semi-circle of cars. As a feat of engineering skill the Horseshoe Curve compares favorably with the Georgetown Loop in Colorado.

The entire trip from St. Louis to New York was made with comfort and pleasure. Indeed, it is one of the joys and privileges of our twentieth century civilization that women today may travel across the continent as luxuriously housed and as securely protected as in the seclusion of their own homes. When we reached our nation's biggest city Sunday afternoon the sun was still shining and the wind still balmy. Arrangements for our entertainment had been provided for in advance. In a few minutes after we arrived at the Pennsylvania station a string of taxicabs was unloading us at Hotel Cumberland, which hostelry took most excellent care of us.

Twenty-four hours after our arrival in New York, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Lewis were with us, coming from University City to see us off. Monday night Mr. Lewis gave a most interesting and inspiring talk to the ambassadors in the drawing-room of our suite. Tuesday was set apart for

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sight-seeing, and, between times, the ladies indulged in a little final shopping.

A delightful banquet was served Tuesday evening at six o'clock in the Cumberland dining-room, with covers laid for twenty-two. Later the same evening Mrs. William Grant Brown, Ambassador from New York City, entertained in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis and the embassy. Though informal, the reception was brilliant and beautiful. Mrs. Brown, who had just closed her term of office as the president of the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs, is a gracious and charming woman. She moved about amongst her guests in a way that made each one feel that she was receiving especial attention.

Wednesday morning at ten o'clock, after having been photographed in the lobby of the Cumberland, we entered taxis and were whirled away to the Brooklyn pier, where the good ship Pretoria was lying at anchor, with banners flying and bands a-playing, ready to bear us away over the deep blue sea.

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BOOK NUMBER TWO

Sailing of an Ocean Liner

THE sailing of an ocean liner is fraught with deep human interest. In this respect the Pretoria was not an exception. All was bustle and confusion incident to the vessel's departure. The decks were already thronged with outgoing passengers when we, the Peace Ambassadors of the Woman's Republic, stepped from our taxicabs, crossed the gang-plank and entered the good ship which was to carry us away over the bounding billows.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Lewis, together with many other friends, were there to see us off, Mr. Lewis taking particular pains to be sure that every piece of baggage was on board and that everything was arranged for our comfort and pleasure.

The leave-takings of ocean voyagers are not experiences of unalloyed delight; therefore, we will not dwell upon them. Soon "good-bye and bon voyage" had been said to all on board, and promptly at one o'clock, May twenty-eighth, the Pretoria slipped from her moorings at Brooklyn pier and, escorted by busy, puffing little tugs, passed out of the harbor and turned her nose toward the open sea.

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A drizzling rain was falling, but all stayed on deck waving farewells until the "sea of upturned faces," wistful eyes and fluttering flags, scarfs and handkerchiefs of friends on shore faded away in the distance. Soon the Statue of Liberty, Coney Island and other interesting things were lost in the mists, and the bugle-call announced the serving of luncheon.

Feasting is an important part of an ocean trip. Breakfast begins at half-past seven; bouillon is served on deck at half-past ten; luncheon at noon; tea, coffee and chocolate between three and four, and a six-course dinner at six o'clock. With appetites sharpened by the salt sea breezes, one is always ready to do ample justice to the chef who presides over the department of the interior.

The Pretoria was in gala dress when she left New York. There were flowers, flowers everywhere, which made the ladies' cabin and the main dining-room bowers of bloom and beauty.

The first afternoon out we settled ourselves snugly in our staterooms and, through the efficient management of Mrs. Ida L. Frint, Ambassador from Illinois, who was fondly mothering us all, our deck chairs were located and labeled, steamer rugs provided, and we found ourselves in a sheltered part of the deck, with a charming view of the sea.

My! but the sea is glorious! As full of moods as the most capricious woman. Sometimes it would bear us along with gentle, undulating swells,

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then, as if by magic, the "white horses"—as Kipling so aptly terms the snowy breakers—would come out rearing and tumbling and plunging in a perfect revel of mad delight. At an early hour our first night on board, we sought our berths and, "rocked in the cradle of the deep," we slept like tired children upon the pulsing bosom of the mighty Atlantic.

When we were twenty-four hours out of New York, this message, by wireless, came winging over the distance:

"God speed you all."—Lewis.

I am sure this desire was granted even before it found expression, for our lines were falling in pleasant places and we were receiving every courtesy and consideration we could expect or wish for, while, best of all, the spirit of harmony prevailed in our own ranks. Indeed, Mrs. William Grant Brown, Ambassador from New York, voiced the sentiment of the entire embassy when she suggested that the first disgruntled woman amongst us be "thrown overboard."

Several of our party paid unwilling tribute to the sea, but the others, including the writer, proved excellent sailors and were not ill at all.

Friday evening Dr. Belva A. Lockwood, Dean of the embassy, called a meeting of the ambassadors at which she presided. After the reading of the one hundred and twenty-third psalm and a word of prayer by Rev. Edith Hill-Booker, Dr.

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MRS. CLAUDIA HAZEN WHITE
Secretary of Interior, Woman's Republic

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MRS. CLAUDIA HAZEN WHITE
Secretary of Interior, Woman's Republic

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MRS. M. E. JENKINS
Ambassador from California

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Lockwood read a letter from Alfred H. Love, ex-President Universal Peace Union. Extracts from same are here given:

"The present is a most opportune time for the proposed journey and mission. The public ear is open to hear. The hearts of all are ready to accept the truth, and the spirit of peace is universal. Hence you go at the right time, with the highest aspirations and a zeal crowned with faith. You will be blessed with the conviction that you are acting under divine authority.

"Let us recommend and plead for a permanent court of justice and arbitration to be in continuous session at The Hague, with the supreme authority of acting for all nations, at all times and on all subjects, composed of three representatives from each and every government, the decision of this court to be final and sustained by public opinion.

"Let there be implicit sincerity and observance of treaties that may be made. They shall be especially impartial, non-partisan, unsectarian and, wherever possible, entered into by both men and women.

"Let the composition and the compensation of such representatives be fixed and the terms for holding office be decided by each government so represented.

"Your mission should cover the demand for stopping the increase of the army and war navy. No more battleships; no more military training; no more conquest of territory; no more sham battles,

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or voyages around the world of dreadnoughts or inventions of death-dealing agencies, under the waters or above the earth.

"My prayers go with you and for you, in this great undertaking. It will be the crown of your lives.

"You are fulfilling a message from Heaven: 'Follow after those things which make for peace.' Carry with you my high appreciation of woman's influence and present my sincere affection not only to your devoted band, but to those abroad, who may know of you and their assured friend and uncompromising advocate of peace."

Members were called upon (and responded) to express, individually, thoughts and ideas relative to our mission abroad. Greetings and Godspeeds were read from various clubs and members of the Woman's Republic.

We indeed felt that the best thoughts of thousands were attending us; and we realized that, whosoever might be the reapers, we were going forth as sowers of the seeds of peace and good will toward all the world.

Another letter read at this meeting was from the Northern California Peace Society. It follows, in part:

"You are hereby authorized to convey the most cordial greetings of the Peace Societies of California to our esteemed friends and brethren of the

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peace movement in all cities and countries that you may visit in your journey.

"Tell them we want their help in organizing such a crusade for international arbitration and good will that the golden era of Universal Peace may begin in the 'Federation of the World' at the 'Golden Gate' (San Francisco) in 1915."

Another meeting was held Saturday evening, at which it was decided to give a short program along the line of our endeavor, that the women on board might become acquainted with our plans and undertakings. The silk American flags presented to the ambassadors by Mr. Lewis were distributed at this meeting.

All days are very much alike on board ship when conditions are normal. Meals are served with unvarying punctuality; the band plays at stated hours; the utmost order and discipline prevails, and one readily falls in with the general routine.

Sunday morning religious service in German was held in the main dining-room, at which time it was announced that Rev. Edith Hill-Booker, Ambassador from Oregon, would hold similar service in English in the evening. This was done. Every seat was occupied and the most profound and respectful attention was shown that earnest evangelist. Immediately following this service Dr. Lockwood gave a short, impressive peace talk which was well received. This, in turn, was followed by a musical program delightfully rendered by the

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ship's orchestra, supplemented by fine vocal talent from fellow passengers.

Sunday afternoon an air of mystery and expectancy seemed to pervade our section of the deck. Dr. Lockwood had previously indicated that she had a little "remembrance" for us, which would be forthcoming when "all hands" were able to be on deck. This was the propitious time, as each ambassador was in her steamer chair. The mysterious package was opened and proved to be a ten-pound box of Huyler's delicious chocolates. This dainty gift, with its message of love, came from Miss Elizabeth Ashburner of New York City, in behalf of the Margaret Tucker Club of the Woman's Republic.

Although we were now nearing mid-ocean, we did not feel that deep sense of isolation that one might imagine. Ships passed us every day, sending us greetings by wireless, and through the same wonderful medium of communication we received each day brief mention of the world's doings.

It is indeed marvelous that we may sail placidly on, day after day, over the trackless main, bounded only by the far-off horizon's rim, and yet keep our fingers on the throbbing pulse of the world! The more I contemplate the tremendous progress of sea navigation since Columbus—that intrepid navigator, with his tiny craft and mutinous crew—braved the unknown terrors of unknown seas, the more do I realize and appreciate the glory of the wonderful age in which we are living.

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BOOK NUMBER THREE

On the Wing

I CLOSED the foregoing book in mid-ocean. During the remainder of our voyage the winds and the waves were on their good behavior. The spirit of peace seemed ever present. Even the English Channel received us most kindly, and hushed its turbulent roar to a soft crooning lullaby that banished any sense of fear which might have lurked in the soul of some timid voyager.

The North Sea, too, that tempestuous body of water dreaded, more or less, by all trans-Atlantic travelers, though it maintained its reputation for roughness, was simply magnificent! The billows, snowy-crested, swelled into miniature mountains, yet the sun shone gloriously and the water was blue as a robin's egg.

For me it was real joy to stand at the rail of the forward deck and watch the restless roll of the sea; to note the rhythmic rise and fall of the ship as she ploughed her way through riotous waters, and to feel the keen sting of salty spray in my face as the mad breakers lashed themselves into foaming fury against the sharp bow of the ongoing vessel.

One evening a dense fog settled down over the sea, and it looked like we might be in for an un-

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comfortable night. There is nothing more dreaded by seafaring men than fog. We fancied we could detect a feeling of anxiety on the part of the officers and crew. The ship was made snug, the lifeboats made ready to lower, while the fog horn was kept blowing almost incessantly. But here again fortune was propitious, and by the time we were ready to "turn in" the fog had lifted, the stars came out and the new moon hung like a silver crescent in the western sky—and all was well.

The next day—Sunday—dawned bright and beautiful. It was our last day out, and at two o'clock we got the first sight of land. I must say the land looked mighty good to us, so we spent the remainder of the afternoon out on the forward deck, our glasses focused upon the many interesting sights along the way. A few ships had passed us each day, but here, owing to the convergence of the waters, the sea was dotted with all kinds of craft—steamships, freighters, sailboats, fishing smacks—giving us some slight indication of the vast commerce of the mighty deep.

There was no feeling of monotony on the Pretoria. It was like a large house party of congenial guests, all having a good time. Shuttle-board, quoits and other games lured many passengers to the lower decks during the day, and the evenings were given over to music, dancing, bridge and sociability generally. Our own party, assisted by the ship's orchestra and a few fellow-passengers, gave

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an interesting program one evening, at which each one had opportunity to display any special talent or accomplishment she possessed. A member of our party presided, and did it most graciously.

One thing very noticeable and very gratifying was the courtesy we received. At all functions on board our flag and our melodies had conspicuous place. So impressed were we by the marked attention shown us, that we wrote a letter of thanks to the captain. This was signed by the ambassadors, and the last day out a delegation of us waited on him and presented the letter. In behalf of the embassy I expressed our appreciation of the uniform kindness extended us, and the sense of safety and security we had felt all the way.

The captain, responding, declared he had only done his duty and deserved no thanks. "The Pretoria," he said, "is only a snail of the sea, but she is safe. I have brought you over in safety, and if you will return with me I will take you home safely."

That night the "Captain's Dinner"—a splendid banquet—was served. The decorations were profuse, the good cheer abundant, and the favors most unique.

The next morning, June eleventh, we landed at Cuxhaven. As we went ashore we noticed the splendid new Hamburg-American liner, the Imperator, lying at anchor far out in the harbor, the gray smoke curling in airy rings from her great

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funnels. She was about to begin her maiden voyage across the sea.

Here we were met by our conductor, Mr. Solbach, from the Cook Agency, who took immediate charge of us. Our baggage was inspected, after which we entered the train awaiting us, and proceeded to Hamburg, where we had luncheon, and from there went direct to Berlin.

If I were asked to express in fewest words the characteristics of Germany, I would answer: "Thrift and conservation." These were in evidence from the moment we left Cuxhaven. Such perfectly tilled fields I had never before seen—every foot of ground utilized, gardens and orchards creeping up to the very doorways, and even the railroad right-of-way (which belongs to the government) planted to fruits and vegetables. I am sure if such intensive farming were done in the United States, and every acre of ground thus brought into its highest productiveness, we could feed the world!

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BOOK NUMBER FOUR

Berlin, the Beautiful

E were fortunate in visiting Berlin at the time we did. The festivities in connection with the nuptials of the Kaiser's beautiful young daughter, Princess Victoria Louise, had just closed, and preparations for the jubilee in honor of the twenty-fifth year of the reign of the Emperor-King Wilhelm II were nearing completion. The city, therefore, was in gala attire and we saw it at its best.

What a delightful city Berlin is!—an object lesson in civics that any American municipality might study to advantage. Beautifully situated on the River Spree, built along broad and liberal lines, nature and art contributing their best in the way of adornment, the result is a splendid metropolis which appeals to both the practical and to the aesthetic side of one's nature.

The very atmosphere seems uplifting and inspiring. One does not wonder that students of music, literature and science from all parts of the world should hear and heed the call of Berlin.

We reached this capital city of the German Empire late in the afternoon of June eleventh, and were soon comfortably settled at Hotel Monopole. Our rooms were big and inviting, especially the

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luxurious beds, with their comforts of softest down, which we were a trifle loath to leave the next morning, even for a day of wonderful sight-seeing. After the typical continental breakfast of eggs, rolls, butter, marmalade, honey and coffee, served in an artistic dining-room, the whole party entered a mammoth sight-seeing automobile and started out to "do" Berlin.

Our program for the forenoon was a trip to Charlottenburg. Soon we had been photographed in our big machine and were spinning along the world-famous thoroughfare, Unter den Linden.

At the head of this street stands an imposing equestrian statue of Frederick the Great. This fine monument, designed by Rauch, is more than forty feet in height. The immense pedestal depicts, in splendid bas relief, scenes from the great King's life, together with many symbolical figures; also figures of contemporary princes, generals, poets and philosophers.

This monument, like many others, recalls historic events. We thought of the Seven Years' War and of Maria Theresa, that great ruler of Austria, who could never as long as she lived reconcile herself to the fact that she was forced to surrender her beloved province of Silesia to "that little insignificant King of Prussia," as she disdainfully termed this Prussian monarch.

Berlin, however, owes much to Frederick the Great. He caused the erection of many costly

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buildings by noted architects, including the famous Royal Opera House. He converted the Tiergarten, an erstwhile game preserve, into a public park and presented it to the city, while his kindly attitude and generous patronage in connection with art, music and letters drew a brilliant coterie of men of giant intellects to Berlin—men whose names, fame and influence are forever inseparable from the progress and culture of the city.

Unter den Linden is wide and beautiful. Its walks and driveways are adorned with double rows of perfectly-shaped linden trees, and flowers are everywhere. Geraniums seem to be the favorite blossoms. Great boxes of these, in glowing colors, with trailing greenery, adorn the window-balconies from snowy pavement to red-tiled roof, crown the lamp posts, climb the bodies of the trees and border the walks all along the way, interspersed now and then with immense clumps of gorgeous hydrangeas.

No billboards are allowed on the streets of Berlin. At certain intervals large circular columns with ornamental crowns have been erected, and on these appear such advertisements as are permissible. This, it seems to the writer, might satisfactorily solve a very vexing problem in American civics.

The route to Charlottenburg is literally lined with objects and places of interest. We paused a few moments at Konigs Platz. This is a handsome

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square occupied on one side by the House of the Imperial Diet—an exceedingly beautiful structure in Italian Renaissance. From the center of the square rises the stately Column of Victory. The broad pedestal of this famous monument portrays, in wonderful relief-work, scenes from the Franco-Prussian War, and is surmounted by a colonnade adorned with mosaics executed by Salviati. Above this colonnade the column is surrounded by three tiers of gilded cannon taken from the Danes, the Austrians and the French.

The whole is crowned by a jubilant winged Victory in gold! There is an observation tower at the top of the shaft.

Much of our way led along the Tiergarten, with its great trees, flowers and statuary. We passed a magnificent monument erected in honor of Richard Wagner. The figure, of pure white marble, was brought into bold relief by the dense green foliage about it. We took personal pleasure in this fitting tribute to a man whose marvelous genius has made the whole world richer and sweeter.

Here, too, the sculptor had wide range in perfecting his work, and has brought into telling effect leading characters from the great musician's operas—Siegfried, Tanhauser and others.

Many statues have been erected in Berlin to musicians, poets, scientific men and men of letters, as well as to men of war—Humboldt, Goethe, Schiller, Heine, Moltke, Bach, Mozart, Handel, Hayden

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and numerous others whose names are among the immortals. Indeed, the beautiful Avenue of Victory is lined on both sides with statues of men who have left their impress on the history and development of Germany.

Arriving at Charlottenburg, we left the automobile and walked along a shady, gravel road, through a beautiful wood, to the royal mausoleum. We quietly and reverently entered this silent resting place of illustrious dead. There was, however, no depressing sense of gloom. The sunlight filtered in through a window of art glass and lay in a prism of color on the marble floor, while inspiring texts on the walls told their stories of life triumphant over death!

Here lie, in imposing sarcophagi, the remains of Queen Louise and her husband, Frederick William III, great-grandparents of the present ruler of Germany. It was here, in 1870, at the tomb of Queen Louise, that William of Prussia and that great man, Bismarck, known as the Iron Chancellor, came to kneel down and pray, before the king left for the campaign in France. William left the mausoleum as King of Prussia. He returned, a few months later, as Emperor of United Germany.

Both tombs bear full-length sculptures of their royal occupants, masterpieces in marble by the famous sculptor, Rauch.

There seems a peculiar fitness in the fact that these beautiful sculptures are the work of Rauch,

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for it was through the generosity of Frederick William III, who recognized his genius, that the artist was enabled to go to Rome and complete his studies under the old Italian masters. As a consequence, all Berlin is more beautiful.

Here again our thoughts reverted to history and we realized anew that there may be thorns as well as roses in the pathway of a queen.

As we looked on the chiseled face of Queen Louise, so peaceful-looking in its last repose, we remembered her eventful and well-nigh martyred life. We could see her fleeing from her palace, seeking refuge in remotest parts of her kingdom, before the advancing troops of Napoleon.

She was one of the most beloved queens of all Europe, and tradition says she died of a broken heart caused by the extreme humiliation to which her country was brought by that seemingly invincible man from France, the First Napoleon. Tradition further declares that a post-mortem examination revealed a polypus on her heart bearing a distinct letter N. As we thought of the destiny that placed this idol of her people in the way of a would-be world conqueror, we could only sigh, "Poor Louise!"

It was high noon when we took our places in the automobile and were whirled along the splendid Avenue of Victory, through the Brandenburg Gates, to Unter den Linden and back to the hotel.

As we paused a moment at the Brandenburg

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Gates to admire the beautiful chariot of victory, once confiscated and carried away by Napoleon, a scene of a century ago flashed before our mental vision. We could see that quiet schoolmaster, Father Jahn, and his schoolboys gazing upon those classic columns despoiled of their art treasure, and across the sun-kissed noonday there seemed to float the teacher's inspiring message to his pupils: "It is for you, my boys, to help bring back that Victory from Paris and replace it on your own triumphal arch." It is there now. The world realizes today, as never before, that ideals, not arms, must break the bondage of mesmerism and free humanity from oppression and despotism.

After luncheon we set out again—this time to the Royal Palace. What a magnificent place it is! We had an excellent special guide, who led us up long flights of winding stone steps to the main entrance-hall of the building. Here we were provided with soft felt slippers to put on over our street shoes for the protection of the mirror-like floors. These slippers were not of the Cinderella variety, but must be the kind that good old Mother Goose had in mind when she was singing about the "old woman who lived in a shoe." Like Cinderella, however, we frequently lost our slippers; but inasmuch as there were no infatuated Prince Charmings around to pick them up, we did not "flee as a bird" down the winding stairs to a fairy carriage in waiting, but simply shuffled our feet into them

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again and glided along after our guide as gracefully as we could.

We were conducted from room to room, each one teeming with historic interest; from gallery to gallery whose wonderful canvases portray in matchless form and color the art, history, progress and triumphs of the German Empire.

But, with all the splendor pervading these gorgeous salons, there is a sense of "hominess,"[2] a feeling of human interest. This feeling was accentuated as we traversed the great drawing-rooms which revealed a nearer glimpse of the home-life of the royal family.

A full-length portrait of the late King Edward VII and a fine marble statue of his royal mother, Queen Victoria, reminded us that the Kaiser is a grandson of Queen Victoria, and that practically all the rulers of Europe are kinfolks.

When we stood at the altar where the emperor's young daughter, Princess Victoria Louise, had so recently been given in marriage, we recalled the Kaiser's fondness for her, and remembered his saying: "She sometimes forgets that I am the Kaiser, but she never forgets that she is the Kaiser's daughter."

From the palace we went to the armory, or arsenal. Here we had a glimpse of the evolution of firearms, from the most primitive weapons of defense to the deadly Gatling guns and other "last words" in murderous twentieth century arma-

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ments. Nor does it take long to recognize the fact that the spirit of militarism dominates Germany.

From the armory we went to the Kaiser Frederick III Museum—an immense building whose large and various rooms house relics of great antiquity. As we studied the numerous exhibits, they seemed to bridge the chasm of past centuries, and we felt almost in immediate touch with "the great caravan gone on before." In front of the museum is the colossal equestrian statue of Frederick III, which formed part of the German exhibit at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis in 1904.

As the good ship Pretoria was one day late in reaching port, our stay in Berlin was cut short, and late in the evening of June twelfth we left, in a special car, for Vienna.

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BOOK NUMBER FIVE

A Glimpse of Budapest

OUR party reached Vienna from Berlin en route to Budapest after an all-night ride in comfortable sleeping compartments, which are, however, very unlike our own. In fact, European railroad travel and railroad equipment are altogether different from that of the United States.

As I have already indicated, there is much in Europe that we might copy to advantage, but it is not in the line of railway transportation. The roadbeds themselves seem to be very substantially laid, but the small engines and the high wheels of the coaches remind one of pictures seen when railroading was in its infancy. They seem to me a convincing argument against governmental control of such utilities, for competition is eliminated, and without competition there is not that incentive toward improvement, elegance and luxuriousness which have made our own great overland trains palaces a-wheel and travel itself a comfort and a joy. This is, however, by the way.

Arriving at the hotel for which we were booked, we found a delicious breakfast spread for us on one of the wide verandas surrounding a court made attractive by flowers, vines and leafy trees.

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Here, during the evening meal, a good orchestra discoursed sweet music, and, in honor of the ambassadors, the program included "America," and "The Stars and Stripes Forever," by John Philip Sousa. Eating in the open air is, as we shortly discovered, quite prevalent in Austria, Hungary and Italy.

No sight-seeing was planned for Vienna until we should return here after visiting Budapest, the objective point of our journey.

Soon after breakfast, when we had devoured our home letters, and had been initiated into the mysteries of Austrian money, a goodly number of us sallied forth to see what the shops had to offer in the way of souvenirs and merchandise in general. Through some unknown medium it became understood that Vienna specializes in garnets, and before the day was over much of the coin of the realm had slipped from the pockets of the ambassadors into the coffers of the jewelers, who are probably still wondering about the sudden and unusual demand for garnets.

As we were a day late in Berlin and consequently a day short in sight-seeing, our conductor, Mr. Solbach, in the way of atonement, took us by cog up the steep incline to the top of Mount Kahlmberg. From this lofty height we had a charming view of the city, plains and foothills of the Austrian Alps, while the Danube river, winding along like an azure

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ribbon, added to the beauty and picturesqueness of the scene.

The following morning we boarded a fast train for Budapest, arriving there a few hours later. We found the city in gala dress, in recognition of the International Woman's Suffrage Alliance about to meet in convention there.

As we stepped from the train a reception committee greeted us, officially, and we realized from the cordial welcome thus extended that a strong bond of good will is uniting the women of all lands under the common interest of woman's advancement. This spirit was further emphasized when the great convention was called to order and representative women from well-nigh every civilized country considered for five days the vital cause of universal suffrage.

All was bustle and business about the Redoute—the building in which the congress was held. With characteristic forethought of Mr. E. G. Lewis, our registration fees had been paid in advance, and our badges, programs, tablets, etc., including nicely-trimmed lead pencils, bearing the legend, "Votes for Women," were awaiting us in individual envelopes, thus relieving us of all preliminary trouble.

As the doings of this great international congress were daily heralded by wire and by wireless all over the world, such reports are now ancient history. But it is gratifying to record that we secured the representation to which we were entitled

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as fraternal delegates, choosing by ballot Mrs. William Grant Brown, Ambassador from New York, to present our peace message and resolution, and to do the work for which she is so eminently fitted.

Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood, and other members of our party, occupied seats upon the rostrum; the writer was given a chair at the tables of the Associated Press, and, on the whole, the Woman's Republic delegation was well in the public eye.

Convention Hall was decorated with the flags of all countries in which there is a suffrage organization—Austria, Belgium, Bohemia, Bulgaria, Canada, Denmark, Germany, Finland, France, Great Britain, Iceland, Italy, The Netherlands, Norway, Australia, Portugal, Russia, Sweden, Switzerland, Servia, South Africa, Hungary and the United States.

We were proud to see Old Glory holding the position of honor over the center of the rostrum. Two new banners were added at this congress—that of China and that of Poland.

The Chinese banner, unfurled amid great applause, was of brilliant red satin fringed with gold, and while to the uninitiated the inscription looked very much like an oriental laundry mark, upon being interpreted, it revealed this very beautiful sentiment:

"Let us hold together; we are working for the same ideals;" thus showing that the great upward impulse in the breast of woman is making itself felt even

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in that far-off land of bandaged feet and bondaged souls.

We were proud of the president of this great International Woman's Suffrage Alliance—Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt—proud that she is an American woman and big enough for her office.

To preside over such a congress as this one, when each motion and matter of business had to be translated into three different languages, required infinite patience and perseverance on the part of the chair; but Mrs. Catt was equal to all the demands made upon her. Fitting appreciation of her executive ability and her graciousness as a presiding officer was shown when she was re-elected by acclamation to serve another term.

I was proud, too, of all the American women present—such notable women as Miss Jane Addams, Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Mrs. Tod Helmuth, Mrs. Nathans, Mrs. Ida Husted Harper, Mrs. May Wright Sewall, Rev. Anna Shaw, and others who are giving their time, their energies, their means and their loving thoughts toward making the world a fairer and better place in which to live.

That the city of Budapest is in hearty accord with progressive ideas was manifested by its business men in donating one million kronen (twenty thousand dollars) toward the expense of the convention and the entertainment of visitors and delegates.

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There were carriage drives about the city, boat-rides on the Danube and banquets and receptions galore.

I sometimes wonder if the spirit of romance ever dies in the heart of a woman. Even when she has reached what Byron terms "the sere and yellow leaf" of life, that indescribable something, which filled her youth with beautiful and wonderful visions, wells up anew with all the sweet enchantment of long-gone days.

This sense of questioning emphasized itself in my consciousness on the occasion of our moonlight sail on the Danube River while we were guests of Budapest. This pleasure was provided for our entertainment—an expression of Hungarian hospitality.

As the Rhine is fraught with the history of a turbulent and warlike past, so the Danube is fraught with the spirit of music, romance and poesy.

"The beautiful blue Danube!"

Who has not surrendered to the witchery of that phrase!

Strauss has interpreted its rhythmic flow in the seductive strains of his Danube Waltzes—strains that have enmeshed for all time the hearts of thousands.

And as we glided along over the dimpling waves, under the spell of the full-orbed moon, the scroll of

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time seemed to unroll, bringing forth from the past the sweet old song, "Upon the Danube River."

Do you recall that night in June
  Upon the Danube River?
We listened to a landler tune,
  We watched the moonbeams quiver.
I oft since then have watched the moon
  But never, love, no never,
Can I forget that night in June
  Upon the Danube River.

Our boat kept measure with its oar;
  The music rose in snatches,
From peasants dancing on the shore
  With boisterous songs and catches.
I know not why that landler rang
  Through all my soul, but never
Can I forget the songs they sang
  Upon the Danube River.

To my surprise, I found that I could not only recall every word of the song, but many precious memories associated with it were revived—memories of the long ago when life itself lilted on like a rhyme.

True, the moonlight was well-nigh eclipsed by the myriads of electric lights that twinkled from the twin cities, the long bridges, the hillside forts, and the Palace of the King. Nor could the "landler tune" have made itself heard above the throbbing measures of the ship's musicians, yet the romance and the memories were there. I fancied that a little further on, beyond the bold encroachment of modern progress, the peasants were still dancing on the shore, and could almost catch the dip of an

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oar, a snatch of the landler tune and feel the idyllic sentiment of that other night in June immortalized in the old, old song, "Upon the Danube River."

It was indeed a glorious June night—a night of beauty, charm and retrospection, and I said to myself: "Another radiant vision realized, another roseate dream come true."

A most enjoyable occasion in the way of entertainment was the reception given at the Fisher Bastion by the city of Budapest, at which the Burgomaster, or Mayor, officiated. A delightful banquet was served. The night was glorious, and to reach Castle Hill required the climbing of hundreds of stone steps after leaving our carriages. Guards in gorgeous red and gold uniforms, evidently conscious of their own splendor and importance, stood sentinel at the entrance, while the multitudes lined the driveway and stood obedient to that unwritten law of such functions—"Thus far and no farther."

The festivities were continued until near the midnight hour. When the invited guests were departing, we noted, while waiting for our carriages, that the gates were thrown open to the multitudes, who had waited patiently, and they, too, shared in the feast of good things, so generously provided by the city for its distinguished visitors.

A lovely afternoon reception in honor of the ambassadors, also including Mrs. Ida Husted Harper, the well-known writer, and her talented

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daughter, Mrs. Winnifred Harper-Cooley, was given by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Greenberger, who dispensed a royal hospitality. The Hungarian caterers are certainly pastmasters in the art of dainty confections, and Hungarian hostesses are distressed if you do not display a good appetite. I do not feel, however, that we gave them any cause for anxiety in this respect.

Mr. and Mrs. Greenberger are natives of Budapest, but have lived much in the United States, hence are quite American. Mr. Greenberger took an active part in the last presidential campaign of Colonel Roosevelt, of whom he is an ardent admirer.

On this occasion, as on many others when we were special guests, the American colors were given place of honor. The favors were Easter lilies tied with ribbon in the colors of Hungary—red, white and green. The thanks of the entire embassy are due Mr. Greenberger for courtesies and assistance shown throughout the convention.

Much interest was centered about our delegation. It seemed to many such a wonderful thing that so large a number of representative women should come from a country so far away. But there is magic in the words "United States," and all who could understand our language at all, were interested in the Woman's Republic, and have great faith in American women.

Our message and resolution was given to the Associated Press of Europe through Mrs. Andrea

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Hofer Proudfoot, a prominent peace advocate, long associated with Baroness Von Suttner. To her was also given the sonnets, "Lay Down Your Arms." This poem was written for the Fourth American Peace Congress held in St. Louis.

Budapest, the capital of Hungary, has a wonderfully picturesque appearance, being built around the Schlossberg (Castle Hill) in the form of an amphitheatre, in the midst of a district covered with vineyards.

Crowning Castle Hill, which has an elevation of about five hundred feet above sea level, is the Citadel, the place in which are preserved the royal insignia of Hungary, and an old Gothic church. Behind, and towering above the rock, rises the Blocksberg, strongly fortified with a precipitous front to the Danube. A fine observatory crowns the Blocksberg. Budapest has hot sulphur springs, which have gained wide reputation. A few of the baths erected by the Turks are still in perfect preservation, and frequented by the common people. The city has manufactures of various kinds, but its chief industry is wine, of which it produces approximately five million gallons annually, said to be of excellent quality.

Like many other European cities, Budapest has a turbulent history. It is a place of great antiquity, but its importance dates from the middle of the thirteenth century, when the fortress was erected on the Schlossberg. During the invasion of the

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Turks, it was regarded as the key to Christendom.

In 1872 Buda and Pesth, on opposite banks of the Danube, were incorporated under the official name of Budapest. It is today a city nearing the million mark in population.

We enjoyed every hour of our stay within the gates of this fair Hungarian city, and will long remember its beauty, its charm, its hospitality, and, best of all, will remember we left a message of peace and hope and inspiration to the women of Hungary, who are on upward wing, the same as we are.

PEACE MESSAGE OF THE AMBASSADORS OF THE WOMAN'S REPUBLIC

To the International Suffrage Congress at Budapest, Hungary, June 16th, 1913.

Madame President and Ladies: We are twenty Ambassadors of the American Woman's Republic, elected by popular vote of that body, headquarters at University City, St. Louis, United States of America—and representing every state in the Union—who have come bearing you a message of peace in your great struggle for political equality.

We wish to accentuate our interest in, and to advance your cause—which is woman's cause—by inviting you to co-operate with the Woman's Republic in a world-wide crusade against war and the increase of armaments. We extend you this hearty

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invitation regardless of nationality, religion, political affiliation, or clubs to which you may belong.

We believe that war settles nothing, except the question of who is the stronger, leaving the difficulties which brought on the war to be settled later by intervention, arbitration and concession.

War is a matter of brawn, not brain; of might, not right; and an attempt to settle questions, which should be settled judiciously, by arbitrament of the sword.

War is a relic of barbarism of the past that should no longer be entered into by any Christian or civilized nation.

Women, in the past, have not been consulted by any nation with reference to a declaration of war by their country with other nations—yet they have always been the principal sufferers. The burdens, the horrors, the sacrifices of war fall most heavily upon them, for they furnish the real sinews of war in their own flesh and blood! It is for the purpose of changing these conditions, and doing away with war, that we have come to this Hungarian capital, whose wise ruler has refrained from plunging his country in war—to this great international congress of women which has aroused the attention of the world—to ask your co-operation in extending our organization to every civilized nation of the earth, thereby forming one great international republic of women whose votes, influence and power shall make war forever impossible.

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It seems today that the abolition of war, and the reduction of armament—the steady increase of which is eating up the funds of the great world powers and bankrupting the smaller nations—must come through the influence and power of the educated, cultivated and emancipated women of the world—such women as compose this great international congress.

War is decimating, degenerating and impoverishing the nations of the earth. We are groaning under the burden of wars past, present and the dread of wars to come, the burden of which falls directly on the women, and which has been termed, on this continent, the armed peace!

No higher purpose or mission could be conceived by woman today as she enters into her new and greater activities of life—a full partner in the political world with man—than to relegate war to the past, along with other barbarisms.

This, one of the great objects, accomplished, the Woman's Republic of the world will have achieved its highest mission and performed the greatest service in the history of the human race!

Governments deal with governments alone. It is left, therefore, for women to form a world-wide government of their own, that the governments of men shall be made to respect and abide by the dictum of women that war shall cease. Only by such methods does it seem that war will ever be abolished. The peace missions of men have failed. We

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have undertaken this as the supreme task and principal purpose of the Woman's Republic, for

"The greatest battle that ever was fought
We will tell you where and when;
In the books of battle you'll find it not,
'Twas fought by the mothers of men."

We therefore beg leave of this International Congress of Women to offer the following resolution:

Resolved, by this international body, that the sense of its members is opposed to war as against the interest of humanity, and that the increase of military and naval armaments is a useless expenditure opposed to the public good, and that we, as a body, recommend that all difficulties hereafter between nations shall be settled by reference to The Hague Court or by arbitration.

Signed by all of the Ambassadors.

LAY DOWN YOUR ARMS.

Woman's Plea for Peace.

By Mildred S. McFaden.

I.

Lay down your arms; refuse to longer wear
The cursed mark of Cain upon your brow;
O, realize that men are brothers now,
That Love, not Hate, the victor's palm shall bear.
No longer strive to conquer to ensnare—
By brutal force bid weaker peoples bow
The neck to galling yoke; instead, allow
All equal right in Life's great good to share.
O, pride, and pomp, and power, and lace of gold,
O, panoply of war, O, shot and shell,
No language do you speak save that of Hell!
None else could voice the cruel story told.
Forsake the evil: humankind it harms,
Lay down your arms, in peace, lay down your arms!

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II.

Lay down your arms: the soul of war is dead—
That sense of chivalry, that daring bold
Which led crusade and pilgrimage of old—
When valiant knights on field of honor bled
And romance o'er their deeds its glamour shed.
But modern warfare speaks in figures cold,
In strength of armaments, in terms of gold,
And writes its ghastly tale in carnage red!
Let nations all agree to arbitrate,
And stop the precious toll of human life—
The flower of our youth—prevent the strife;
Before a gun is fired, capitulate:
Since peace through arbitration must be wrought,
O, make it first instead of last resort.

III.

Lay down your arms; each agonizing cry,
That rises from the trench in death-struck woe,
Strikes womankind with even fiercer blow—
And mothers broken-hearted, question why,
If war is right, and men like dogs must die,
Why through the shadow of death's valley go,
In pain and travail only they can know,
To bear and nurture sons for slaughter—why?
But woman's hour has struck: her soul demands
That war shall cease: and who hath better right
To blot from earth the crime, the curse, the blight,
To wash accusing stains from human hands!
The goal she sees is free from war's alarms,
The Brotherhood of Man: lay down your arms!

IV.

Lay down your arms: the time, long-promised, nears—
In vision seen by prophet-seers of old—
The end of war in all the earth foretold—
When men shall beat to pruning-hooks their spears,
And swords to plowshares, knowing hence no fears;
When wolf and lamb together in one fold
Shall feed—for none shall hurt or kill—behold,
"A little child shall lead them." Love appears!
Then let our armies and our navies learn
The arts of peace, and make the deserts bloom;
In reaper's song forget the cannon's boom,
And battle-ships to trading-ships will turn.
Peace, world-wide peace, with all its blessed charms—
Is woman's plea today: Lay down your arms!

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BOOK NUMBER SIX

Vienna, the Austrian Capital

RETURNING to Vienna from Budapest, we again settled ourselves in our hotel preparatory to two days of sight-seeing in the capital of the Austrian Empire.

In undertaking to give anything like a graphic description of any European city of note, one immediately feels the handicap of limitation. There is so much of historic interest, so much of human interest, such wealth of legendary lore, such splendid cathedrals, so many wonderful art galleries, that one realizes the impossibility of getting more than a fascinating glimpse of a city in the brief stay allotted to each place. The ambassadors, however, soon learned to move as one man (or rather as one woman), consequently little time was lost in waiting. We all wanted to see everything, and were usually ready when the carriages "lined up" to receive us.

Our first morning was devoted largely to seeing the cathedrals and to a drive about the central part of the city. Vienna is the see of the archbishop, and the chief of its many churches is the Cathedral of St. Stephens, an immense edifice with very beautiful towers four hundred and fifty feet high. It was founded about six hundred years ago. The present

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structure was erected to replace the former one, which was removed as being unsafe. The choir was begun in the middle of the fourteenth century, while the nave dates a century later.

The Church of the Augustines is noted for its fine memorial of Arch-Duchess Christina of Saxe-Teschen, which is said to be one of the most successful works of the famous sculptor, Carnova. So wonderfully realistic is this bit of sculpture that one can scarcely believe it a work of art—it is so very lifelike.

The most beautiful church, however, in Vienna, is the Votif Kirche, built in commemoration of the emperor's escape from assassination in 1853. It is Gothic in design, with tall towers and spires, has magnificent windows of matchless coloring, and contains a vast amount of delicate traceries and hand-carvings of surpassing beauty.

In these great cathedrals, which are in a manner awe-inspiring, there are many elaborate altars where candles burn continually; the frescoes and windows are marvels of art; the outlay of money and labor represented is enormous; but to me, personally, there is about them a sense of sadness, an atmosphere of sorrow extremely depressing. Everything seems to speak of gloom, of suffering, of tragedy, of death—when the whole world is longing for life, truth and the harmony of being! As I noted, in many instances, the dejected attitude of the worshipers—earnest souls struggling upward

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toward sweetness and light—I well knew they were traveling the thorn-road to the mount of vision. How I wished, silently and reverently, that every longing heart might know that it is not death, but the understanding of life that makes man immortal.

But as records of religious history and examples of the highest art in frescoes, mosaics, statuary, glass-coloring, intricate carvings and noble architecture, the cathedrals of Europe stand without a parallel.

Driving along toward the Imperial Park we passed many fine monuments, each commemorating some person or event of importance; the House of Parliament, with its pleasing Greek architecture and beautiful Minerva fountain; the Palace of Justice; the Imperial Museum; the Vienna Opera House; the emperor's stables, housing six hundred horses and four hundred carriages, our guide in the meantime relating many notable incidents and interesting bits of history.

There are kept in the Imperial stables six jet black horses to draw the royal carriage when the court is in mourning, and as many milk-white ones for use on festive occasions. Many royal vehicles of interest are assembled here, notably those of Charles IV, Maria Theresa and Napoleon; also the tiny state carriage of the baby Duke of Reichstädt, or "The Young Eaglet," as his ambitious father proudly called him.

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The Imperial Park is most inviting, with its wide roadways, shady paths, luxuriant trees and beautiful flowers. It is called "the people's garden," for it is open at all times for the use and enjoyment of the multitudes, which in Austria, as in every other country, are the great common people.

In a quiet nook of this park near the main entrance, stands a white marble statue of Empress Elizabeth, wife of the present emperor, who was assassinated in Geneva in 1898. This monument, erected by the people of Austria, overlooks a limpid pool in which a playing fountain lightly tosses its crystal spray into the upturned cups of countless water lilies, white, yellow, pink and red. From this pool extend a series of sunken gardens, forming a long vista of exquisite floral beauty.

Many illustrious musicians and composers have found a last resting place in Vienna, and have been honored and commemorated with beautiful statues —Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Von Suppe, Brahms, Johann Strauss and others.

Vienna consists of the old city, or inner town, called the Stadt, with narrow, irregular streets, and a circle of nine suburbs completely surrounding it. Around the Stadt and separating it from the suburbs is a space upon which formerly stood the fortification, leveled more than half a century ago. This space, now lined with modern buildings, forms what is known as the Ringstrasse, a handsome boulevard two hundred feet wide. Besides the

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old fortifications above mentioned, there is an external ring with rampart and foss still preserved as the boundary of the city imposts, and called the Lines. Unlike most other European cities, the old part of Vienna is the most fashionable. In the Stadt are the palace of the emperor, many stately mansions of the nobility, the official buildings, the finest churches, the chief galleries and museums, the exchange and the best shops.

The principal places of public resort are the gardens of the palace at Schönbrunn, the Augarten, and the Prater, the latter containing about two thousand acres, probably the largest park in Europe. It was in this park that the great exposition of 1873 was held.

A trip to the Schönbrunn—the Imperial Austrian summer chateau, on the outskirts of Vienna—was our program for the afternoon. After luncheon at the hotel we again set out "to see things."

Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Peck and myself happened to be in the last carriage of the procession. We had not proceeded far when our horses became unruly and showed a determined disposition to come inside the carriage, thereby producing a mild panic. "Get out, quick," commanded Mrs. Brown, and soon the Ambassadors from California, New York and Missouri stood trembling, like frightened children, on the pavement, while handbags, notebooks and lead pencils were scattered promiscuously beneath the wheels of the carriage and the hoofs of the

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plunging horses. I will say right here that our conductor is a linguist, and I feel sure he used every language at his command in sending that driver back to the barn for a less coquettish team. We were not long detained, however, and after a brisk drive of several miles we reached the palace gates leading into the grounds of Schönbrunn. Here we left our carriages and strolled about leisurely most of the afternoon in this truly wonderful park. Its beauty is inconceivable. One can only dream of the Gardens of Daphne.

As we passed through the palace gates a picture of surpassing beauty spread itself before us. The trees are trimmed and trained into every conceivable shape, the idea originating with that matchless landscape artist, Le Norte, who fashioned the royal gardens at Versailles, and whose touch is evident in many of the parks and gardens of Europe. A carpet of flowers in luxuriant bloom stretched along toward the distant wood, intersected now and then by playing fountains and groups of statuary. Two of these are worthy of special mention—the splendid monument of Empress Maria Theresa and the Fountain of Neptune. On either side of the snowy walks enclosing this floral plaza exquisite marble statuary, representing mythological characters and subjects, is set in the cool green niches of the screen-like foliage.

As we walked along, vista after vista of emerald beauty unfolded their charms until we could fancy

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that we were indeed in a veritable garden of the gods. These grounds, too, are historic, and fraught with all that peculiar interest surrounding the life of royalty.

At the end of the garden we came upon an old Roman ruin dating from the time of Marcus Aurelius. A little farther on we paused to admire the great Cleopatra's Needle, so appropriately set, with its background of foliage, on the side of the wooded hill.

Rambling along past the large greenhouses and by high stone walls half hidden with ivy, we came to an exit, far from where we had entered, and found our carriages awaiting us. We turned with reluctance from this beauty spot of Vienna, the memory of which I am sure will live with us for many a day.

After an enjoyable drive over the Ringstrasse we reached the hotel in time for a good supper in the open air, served to strains of sweet music.

The next morning we went to the Imperial Vault, in Capuchin Church, built four hundred and fifty years ago. This mausoleum, the burial place of Austrian royalty, was founded by Emperor Matthias, and is imposing in its way. Many rulers, some of them after varied and checkered careers, have laid down the scepter at the command of a still greater ruler, and have found final refuge in this realm of unbroken silence. Passing from one sarcophagus to another, we read

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many names with which history has made us familiar. One special vault is called the "Angel Castle," in which the little children of royalty find a resting place. Amongst these are two children of Maria Theresa, and nearby sleep their devoted nurse, of whom they were extremely fond.

The tomb of Frederick the Third, Emperor Maximilian of Mexico; Maria Theresa and her husband; the parents of the present Emperor Francis Josef; the son of Napoleon, who died at Schönbrunn as the Duke of Reichstadt; Marie Louise, Empress Elizabeth, and many others, all suggest some vital bit of history.

Although fifteen years have passed since the assassination of the Empress-Queen Elizabeth, fresh flowers were blooming on her tomb, mute reminders that loving thoughts of the living still pay the tribute of remembrance to those who have passed beyond the veil.

The very magnificence, the artistic richness, the cold massiveness of these imperial tombs are wellnigh overpowering. I could only feel how very much better it would be to simply lie down, close to Nature's heart, in "a low grave starred with daisies," where, instead of the musty atmosphere of dead centuries, the sunny breezes, redolent with breath of flowers and vibrant with song of birds, might whisper always a soothing requiem of peace and rest.

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Our next pilgrimage was to the Leichtenstein Art Gallery, where we beheld canvas after canvas of the masters. Indeed, the unprejudiced American cannot tarry long abroad, with open eyes and a liberal mind, without realizing that he knows comparatively little of real art. This, however, is nothing to his discredit. It is because America is new, and a new country offers untoward conditions for the highest expression of art. Americans have been too busy subduing a continent, and developing its commercial greatness, to give much time and attention to the serious study of art. This pleasant and important task is still ahead of us. But in proper time and order will arise men and women with chisel, with pen and with brush, worthy to place the nation in the front rank of every line of art, as has already been done in the more material things.

Among the masterpieces which held us captive we may mention the "Glorification of the Virgin Mary," by Rubens; "Diana and Endymion," by Rembrandt.

The great walls are covered with beautiful canvases showing in every stroke of the brush the hand of the master.

We hurried on to the Imperial Palace, in which is the treasury of the imperial house of Austria. The space occupied by the treasury is in the oldest part of the palace, and has been used by the rulers of Austria the past three hundred years as a depository

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for the safe-keeping of their private treasure. It is today a museum of wondrous interest, where one might well spend a whole year studying the numerous and various exhibits to advantage, while we had perhaps an hour to pass hurriedly from one showcase to another. But we saw, at a glance, heirlooms, crown jewels and relics innumerable; coronation robes, swords, insignias, and regalias, the imperial baptismal utensils, and keys to the coffins of deceased members of the imperial family. There is, too, a wonderful collecton of holy relics preserved in unique receptacles. These include: The Lance of St. Maurice, enclosing a nail of the holy cross; a piece of the holy cross, surpassed in size only by that preserved at Rome; a piece of the holy apron used by the Saviour when washing the feet of His disciples; a remnant of the holy tablecloth used at the Last Supper; a fragment of the manger-cradle of Jesus; a bone of the arm of St. Anne set in a tube of pure gold; three links of the iron chain with which the apostles Peter, Paul and John were fettered. These are only a few of the sacred relics housed in the royal treasury.

Our whole embassy, woman-like, lingered longest around the immense crystal cabinets containing jewels worth many a king's ransom—jewels of priceless value which have graced the soft tresses and hung about the white throats and arms of many a gracious queen. But we turned away without even a twinge of envy, proud to be twentieth cen-

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tury American women, democratic in our ideas, and free from many of the vicissitudes which so often beset the paths of royalty.

Vienna ranks high as a commercial and manufacturing city, as well as center of learning. As a fashion center, also, it is claimed to be running Paris a very close race. The University of Vienna, founded more than five hundred years ago, has an enrollment of six thousand students and a staff of half a thousand professors and lecturers. As a school of medicine it is celebrated all over the world—a degree from which is an open sesame to the highest fields of medical practice. The manufacture of silk stuffs, and shawl weaving are important industries, and all kinds of fancy leather articles are produced in great quantity and variety.

The citizens of Vienna, wisely alert to their possibilities in the way of municipal greatness, spent ten million dollars to bring the Danube River closer to the city, and to improve its navigation. The completion of this stupendous undertaking has tended to make the Austrian capital the center of the ship trade between east and west, as it already is the center of railway communication. It is now a great grain market, and in every way a splendid city with a population ranging around the two million mark.

We might go on, like the brook, "forever," and barely touch upon the feast daily spread for us—a feast that is making our whole lives richer, deeper and broader—and yet the half can never be told.

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BOOK NUMBER SEVEN

A Day in the Austrian Alps

ON the morning of June twenty-second we left Vienna for Venice. Compartments had been reserved for us in a through train, and our route took us by way of the Austrian Alps.

Our stay in Vienna had been delightful, but we had not journeyed far beyond its gates before we realized anew that "man made the city, God made the country." A vast panorama of pastoral beauty, suggesting contentment and peace, seemed to unfold itself into new charm with each bend and turn of the road.

The wheat fields were golden and just beginning to bow to the reaper's sickle. I say sickle advisedly, for this primitive little implement is the one still in use in this land of intensive farming. No self-binding reapers—in fact, one would scarcely have room to turn around in these tiny Austrian wheat fields. But with typical thrift every stalk is saved, not a grain is lost. No meek-eyed, modern Ruth could possibly glean an extra sheaf following in the wake of these frugal reapers—unless, perchance, there should be, as of old, a generous Boaz amongst them.

But what appealed especially to my sense of

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beauty were the bright scarlet poppies and the blue cornflowers peeping saucily out amongst the bearded heads of wheat, though doubtless these are just as annoying to the Austrian farmer as is the morning-glory to the American farmer; but the picture was perfect. Then, too, every foot of available soil was producing something of value—grain, fruit, vegetables, wine, flowers; these last-mentioned climbing up to the very rails of the roadbed and flaunting their silken petals in a veritable riot of gay colorings.

A noticeable feature of farming in Austria, Hungary and Germany is that it seems to be largely a community interest. Instead of the individual farm-house, surrounded by its own acres, there are villages or hamlets and the work is done by groups of men, women and children. We passed several such groups enjoying their mid-day meal in the field, which gave one the impression of a picnic party. No doubt the community center does away with much of the monotony and isolation of rural life.

Speeding swiftly along, drinking in the joy of the "simple life," almost before we were aware, the foothills closed about us, the pastoral gave place to the picturesque, the mountains began to hem us in, and we found ourselves gliding through ever-increasing grandeur, nearer and neater the heart of the Dolomites.

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Neither pen nor brush is facile enough to portray the scenic charm of the Austrian Alps. Nature was in her most fantastic mood when she fashioned them. She tossed them aloft in the very joy of creation, wrapping their sides with fragrant verdure, veiling their shoulders with fleecy cloudlets and crowning the most majestic ones with diadems of perpetual snow. She unleashes the restless cascades and sends them laughing, dancing and singing a-down sheer and dizzy heights—yet gossamer-like as a bridal veil; she spreads out her emerald carpets of velvety softness and stars them with myriads of wild flowers, and hangs over all a dreamy, amethyst haze, beautiful beyond expression.

I saw a little later in one of the great art galleries of Europe a magnificent canvas, fairly jubilant with its wealth of glowing color, entitled, "June in the Austrian Alps." It was an excellent bit of work, and I admired it immensely. I admired, too, the courage of the artist in such an undertaking, for I had just seen the Austrian Alps in June, and realized how impossible it is for even the greatest artist to give the world a message which Nature only can fully express.

But we can all admire and enjoy the beautiful, even though we may not be able to create it or to express it fitly. The ambassadors, indeed, seemed too full for utterance save through the medium of

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exclamation points. They simply absorbed the glory of the scene.

Every little while the click of a camera told that Doctor Thompson or Mrs. Pepler had caught something too irresistible to let pass. Nor did I wonder when later on I heard expressions like this: "My! but my camera is costing me a lot. I spent ten dollars this morning for developing films. I shall not be able to take home half the things I wanted to." Well, dear comrades, what of it? For, after all, these little reminders of a wonderful journey abroad will be prized and treasured long after bits of wood-carving, hand-embroideries, collars of real lace and Venetian cameos are things of the past.

In all mountain hamlets the church seems to be the chief object of interest. Whatever there may be of wealth, art or feeling, is manifested in connection with it, and it always occupies the most commanding view. At every railroad station where we stopped a curious throng was gathered. It was Sunday, hence the peasant lads and lassies were having a holiday and, dressed in their best, they promenaded up and down the platform and seemed to take much interest in "the passing show." The costume of the women is pretty and unique, and one can only hope that Dame Fashion, as we know her, may never invade these quiet valleys of the Tyrol and persuade these primitive mountain-folk to exchange their picturesque raiment for the mod-

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ern monstrosities she imposes upon more progressive(?) peoples.

The men wear marvelously-fashioned garments, mostly of homespun, dark and serviceable. Their one vanity finds expression in the decorations of their hats. These consist of a jaunty wisp of feathers, or a bright posy of fresh flowers. They wear these feminine adjuncts with conscious pride, for, no doubt, they were arranged for each cavalier by his sweetheart or his faithful frau. Some few wore in their hats the "brush" of the mountain chamois, in evidence, so we were told, of their skill as marksmen.

We had dinner and supper in the dining car, or "restaurant wagon," as it is called by the natives.

When we reached the Italian frontier our baggage went through the customs inspection without revealing any contraband goods.

Gradually we had come down from the heights to the lower levels. The radiance of the setting sun still lingered on the mountain-tops. We crossed the borderland of Italy, and looking back we took a long, last, glorious view of the Dolomites, just as they were gathering about their stately heads the purple shadows of the coming night.

Perhaps Ruskin is right in saying that man should dwell in the lowlands, where mother earth stretches out a broad bosom to his toil, his hopes, and his failures. The air of the heights is too rarified, spiritually no less than physically.

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Though the spell of the mountains still held us captive, in a measure, we, with all the fickleness which is supposed to characterize women, were soon "off with the old love and on with the new," for the soft, warm breath of sunny Italy came seductively in at the open windows, laden with the sweet balm of growing things—of orchards and vineyards and gardens.

No one seemed disposed to talk, so we indulged our somewhat pensive mood, and just snuggled up against our cushions and dreamed and dreamed. Occasionally the silence was broken by little snatches of a Venetian boating song which seemed to haunt the historian's memory:

"The boatmen are calling
  Sta-li! Sta-li!
The glory is falling
  On me, on me;
The light breeze is shaking
  The bay—the bay!
Then up and be waking
  Gia-e, Gia-e!

In Venice, the golden,
  To dream, to dream,
With love stories olden
  For theme, for theme,
In Venice to waste life
  With thee, with thee,
Thus true lovers taste life,
  Sta-li! Sta-li!"

After an hour or two more of introspection and self-communion, a low rumbling sound told us we were on the bridge which spans the lagoon from the mainland to the city of Venice.

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In an instant all were alert and with one accord looked out upon a scene most entrancing. Across the glistening waters, more than two miles away, Venice, Pearl of the Adriatic, with her domes and cupolas and towers, ablaze with light, seemed literally afloat upon the tranquil waters.

We could readily fancy we were viewing a fairy city, a city of magic called into existence by the wave of an enchanter's wand, or some mighty ship resting at anchor on the broad bosom of the sea.

The soft lapping of the waves against the low bridge, the long bars of light falling in shimmering rays across the lagoon, were parts of a picture we shall never forget.

We pulled into the station at midnight—a station different from any other, for there were no taxicabs, no carriages, no street cars, no noise, no confusion. A fleet of gondolas was waiting to bear us to our hotel in that fair city of the sea, whose streets are ever ebbing and flowing.

The experience, I must say, was novel, bordering on the weird and the uncanny. The gondolas are all painted black — a concession to a long siege of plague—and with their erect, inquisitive-looking heads, they seem almost like things of life. They are long and a trifle unwieldy, and it took considerable maneuvering on the part of the gondoliers to thread the maze of small craft and bring each one into line to receive its quota of passengers and bag-

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gage. They have two cushioned seats facing each other and each seat accommodates two persons. As each one was filled it slipped softly under the low bridge nearby, and was lost in the shadows of the night.

I happened to be in the last gondola with one other lady of our party and our conductor, Mr. Solbach. I confess I was glad he was along. It was midnight and the stillness was well-nigh overpowering. Not a sound save the rhythmic dip of the one oar in the hand of the gondolier, who stood far back on the end of the boat. To shorten the distance to the hotel, we had turned from the Grand Canal and drifted into the narrow sea lanes, full of shadows and lined on either side with residences, having, seemingly, no other foundation than the shifting waters of the lagoon. Scarcely a word was spoken until we passed an overturned gondola showing only its extreme ends above the surface. "There," said my lady companion, "lies one load of our crowd. I wonder which one." This melodramatic speech, however, seemed to break the spell and soon we were chatting and laughing and thoroughly enjoying the unique situation.

Coming again into the Grand Canal, bright with lights from the shores, we soon turned into a quiet little cove, as it were, and landed at the door of our hotel—the Grand Luna—right in the heart of the most interesting part of the city.

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It had been a wonderful day, teeming with pleasant experiences. New joys awaited us on the morrow, so we were glad to retire and get, at least, our "beauty sleep" before the morning. As we sought our pillows I am sure the last thought to leave our consciousness was: "We are in Venice!"

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BOOK NUMBER EIGHT

Venice, City of the Sea

VENICE, the indescribable; the glory-crowned! Filled to the brim with light and warmth and color. Permeated through and through with the spirit of melody, romance and poesy. Venice, alluring, seductive, sensuous!

Who that has seen thee has not surrendered to thy thraldom? Who that has tried to portray thee, with pen or with brush, has not felt the hopelessness of the task? Who that has tried to sing of thee has not felt that he must hang his harp on the willows in muteness—powerless to express thy witchery and thy charm?

There is, indeed, but one Venice, and she, an irresistible magnet, sits enthroned on her sunny isles and woos and lures an admiring world to come and offer homage at her shrine.

Our first morning in Venice dawned bright and beautiful. The sunlight, warm and caressing, touched with golden splendor the marble palaces, which rise vision-like from the water, and sparkled like myriads of diamonds on the dimpling waves of the Canalazzo.

The breezes, soft and balmy, were buoyant with

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the subtle tang of the sea, and tenderly over all brooded the dreamy Italian skies.

Our good hostelry itself fits well into the general scheme of things. Within a stone's throw of the Ducal Palace, and an erstwhile palace itself, it reflects in its architecture and style the glory of bygone days when Venice was indeed Queen of the Adriatic, a queen without a rival. The stateliness of the large salons, the magnificent frescoes, the beautiful paintings, the exquisite carvings, all suggest the abode of nobility and aristocracy. Therefore, to sit as tourists in the splendid dining-room, being catered to for the sordid consideration of so much coin of the realm, seemed incongruous to say the least.

One could readily fancy gathered here a brilliant coterie of "fair women and brave men," in the joy and delight of social intercourse; and could almost catch a glance of bright eyes, a flash of gleaming jewels, and the sparkle of rare vintage as youth and beauty were toasted with the chivalric spirit of the time—a time when woman "stooped to conquer" and held her Empire through her arch accomplice, Love!

But we had come to Venice to see rather than to dream; so we awoke from our reverie to answer the insistent call of the out-of-doors.

Some of our party, even before breakfast, had

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been out reconnoitering, and the report of their survey made us all anxious to be abroad.

Our official sight-seeing had been planned for the morrow, so we, like a bevy of school girls, flitted forth to wander at our own sweet will amongst the tiny shops, overflowing with souvenirs and charming wares, various enough to satisfy the desire of the most exacting tourist.

One thing which claimed our immediate notice was the vast array of beads displayed in almost every shop—beads of all kinds, colors, and descriptions, running the entire gauntlet from corals and pearls to "squaw" beads; bead bags, bead girdles, bead collars; long strands, short strands and bead novelties galore. One can imagine that if these beads could be strung on a single thread into a single strand it would bridge the Atlantic if not encircle the globe!

Each ambassador, however, found "just the thing" she was looking for, whether a bead bag, a classic cameo, a piece of Venetian enamel, a string of corals or pearls, a bit of real Venetian lace, or some other of the thousand and one articles displayed on every hand to tempt the liberal-hearted traveler.

A visit to one of the schools of lace-making proved most interesting to our party, as well as quite profitable to the management of the industry. The output of these lace-workers, attractively

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arranged, is for sale in the show-rooms connected with the school.

The head saleswoman of the establishment is certainly a past-mistress of her art, for she knows just how to show her wares to the best advantage. She watches closely the expression on the face of her prospective customer, noting its slightest change, and when it reveals signs of surrender to the intricate mesh of delicate threads, she brings forth her most convincing argument, and knows exactly how to voice her final, victorious appeal, and, presto! the lace is yours.

But even women could not loiter all day in the shops in Venice. Everything was calling us out into the open. The very air intoxicated us; the sunshine was in our blood; we could not wait for tomorrow's sight-seeing under a trained guide and conductor, we wanted to see things today. So we turned into the Piazza—the Square of St. Mark's—and beheld for the first time the world-famous church of San Marco—the church of which we all have read and dreamed. But we will not go inside today; we will just revel with the pigeons—the pigeons of Dandolo—as they whirl and skim in and out of the great quadrangle, the sunlight glinting in iridescent sheen from every graceful throat and breast.

Little regard have these bright-winged messengers of light and freedom for the traditions of men. With airy disregard of all things sacred, they swirl

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and swoop down over the shining domes and spires onto the gold-crowned heads of saints in stone, or perch breezily upon the classic manes of the great bronze horses above the doorway.

Lords are they of all that they survey! And why not? Pets of the state these birds have been for hundreds of years. The far-off ancestor of these same pigeons, or doves as they are sometimes called, was the chief dispatch-bearer of the great Dandolo during the siege of Candia. When the good news reached Venice, the day the admiral's victorious banner was flung to the breeze, it did not come by human courier, by wire, nor by wireless; but the Grand Council sitting in state, first received the glad tidings from the soft plumage of a carrier pigeon! No wonder, then, that these feathered aristocrats, with a proud lineage reaching back through the centuries, revel undisturbed in the sunlight, and feast undismayed from the open palms of visitors every day. We feed them, we pet them, we photograph them, until we are reminded that it is time for luncheon at the hotel.

In the meantime two of our party have been across to the Lido and are full of enthusiasm, declaring we must not miss seeing it.

We are glad we did not, although it is very like some of our own fashionable resort places.

It is only twelve minutes by electric launch, and is certainly a modern beauty spot amongst this antique cluster of sea-girt islands.

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The Lido is, primarily, a long stretch of sand-bank lying protectingly between Venice and the Adriatic Sea. The island has been brought into wonderful productiveness, and is literally a bower of orchards and gardens whose fruits and flowers supply the markets of Venice.

Its strongest appeal, however, to many is that it is a thoroughly up-to-date pleasure resort with magnificent hotels, beautiful villas, all kinds of amusements, sea bathing and a lovely beach—everything luxurious in the broadest sense of the word.

Its crowning glory is the new Excelsior Palace Hotel, with its four hundred rooms, very elegant, and, with its delightful promenades and splendid terraces overlooking the Adriatic with its picturesque sea life, is charming in the extreme.

One does not wonder that during the season people of wealth and fashion flock to the beautiful Lido to revel in its sunshine, its music, its charm, and its sea-cool breezes.

We loitered and lingered until the lengthening shadows reminded us that the afternoon was far spent, and a warning note from our launch told us it was time for the home-returning.

In a few moments we were again in the Square of St. Mark's, which seems to be the magic center toward which all things trend in Venice.

As a fitting close of a glorious day, we viewed the city from the observatory of the Campanile. The panorama of Venice, nestled upon her more

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than one hundred islands, seen from the Campanile, towering, as it does, over three hundred feet above the Piazza of St. Mark's, only accentuated our sense of enchantment.

Viewed from this vantage-point the magic city appears like some mammoth mosaic wrought out in vari-colored crystals by the hand of a master. The marble palaces, doubled by reflection in the translucent waters, the gilded domes and spires, the tiny parks and gardens, the sea-tinted lagoons, which every breeze breaks into new fantasies, the Grand Canal with its picturesque craft carrying on the traffic of the city, the sleepy by-ways drowsing in the stillness, the beautiful Lido nestled against the crested blue of the Adriatic Sea, the distant view of purple mountain peaks, all canopied over with an evening sky of topaz and opal and sapphire, formed a picture of marvelous beauty—a picture that will live long in our memory.

We came down from this "mount of vision" both exalted and subdued. Our hearts went out in gratitude to those who planned this delightful tour, and to all who made it possible for us to take advantage of it. In thoughtful mood we strolled across the square, lined on the right hand and on the left with hundreds of small tables, where refreshments were being served to a hungry and thirsty multitude. We drifted back to the hotel, where we dined and sent postcards to friends and loved ones far across the ocean.

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Although the day had been a somewhat strenuous one, we felt no inclination to rest. Indeed, with only two days in which to see Venice, the claims of rest and sleep received small consideration.

The nights were too fascinating, too bewitching to spend in sleep. So, after dinner our embassy divided into little groups and prepared to spend the evening in the way which most appealed to individual fancy. There right at hand was the Piazza, with its music, its merriment, its festivity and its rim of brilliantly-lighted arcades, giving one a most characteristic glimpse of Venetian night life. But also at hand were the dusky-eyed gondoliers, soliciting us in musical voice to a twilight row on the canals, which proved irresistible to some of us; for, after all, it is the waterways and romantic craft of Venice which make her so different from other cities, and which are so novel and attractive to visitors.

Suffice it to say that the hour was late when we finally retired. Even then we found ourselves more than once at the open casement, listening to tinkling mandolins in some passing boat, and drinking in the silent beauty of the night.

In the matter of natural conditions, our second day in Venice duplicated the first. At an early hour our guide was at hand, and we were ready and eager for the sights and experiences of the day.

We spent the entire forenoon "doing" St. Mark's, the Palace of the Doges and the art galleries. Let me say here, incidentally, that in order to fully ap-

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preciate the many wonderful things assembled there it is absolutely necessary to know something of the history connected with them. One must bridge the chasm of intervening centuries and go back to the palmy days of Venice; back to the time when she negotiated with kings; made war and peace between nations; when her argosies traversed every arm of the ocean, and her great naval fleet made her an acknowledged mistress of the seas.

Considered relatively, one can only marvel that so small a state, possessing but few natural resources beyond the seafaring habits of her population and the patriotism of her citizens, could have covered herself with such glory and splendor as did Venice at the zenith of her power.

The secret probably lies in the fact that her proud makers and rulers, in the olden days, idealized and loved her supremely, gladly effacing themselves, even, for the glory of their beloved city.

As her greatness increased, she increased in magnificence. Her nobles, having no lands or other broad avenues in which they might employ and exploit their wealth, lavished fortunes upon luxurious living—their palaces, their pictures, their decorations and costly raiment. Her noblemen at that time were the most opulent in all Europe; while travel, culture and environs of refinement had made them the most polished.

Their palaces were resplendent with the treasures and spoils of the Orient. Evidently the Golden

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Rule was a dead letter in their business ethics, and the spirit of altruism an unknown quantity, for we gather from history that even the crusades in which Venetians took part, partook more of the nature of predatory cruises than pilgrimages; their purpose more to monopolize the maritime departments of such movements and extend commercial supremacy, than to transfer the long-dead body of a saint, or to secure the Holy Sepulcher in Christian possession.

At the time of the Fourth Crusade, when Enrico Dandolo, at the head of Venetian arms, carried Constantinople by storm, Venice was nearing the top crest of the wave—her power and prestige well-nigh spectacular.

Her industries were flourishing; the clang of thousands of hammers was heard daily in her shipyards; her merchantmen were going into the great trading marts of the Far East; eminent scholars were writing her literature and building up the vast library housed in the Palace of the Doges; artists and sculptors whose names are, today, known all over the civilized world were beautifying her with masterpieces of chisel and brush; famous lyric and epic poets were immortalizing her with song and story—all creating a halo, as it were, about this fair city of the sea, which has never lost its charm.

With a fairly good knowledge of Venetian history (recently refreshed) we crossed the Square of St. Mark's, and paused to admire the exterior

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beauty of the widely-heralded structure, the Church of San Marco. The edifice is Byzantine in design, with touches of the Gothic, and is considered by connoisseurs perfect as an example of the delicately-colored architecture of the East.

Above the main doorway are the four colossal bronze horses which Dandolo brought to Venice after the conquest of Constantinople early in the thirteenth century. The interesting history associated with them is typical of well-nigh everything connected with the Church of San Marco.

These horses, Greco-Roman in origin, are among the finest of antique bronzes, and it is believed are the only existing specimen of an ancient quadriga. They probably crowned the triumphal arch of Nero, and afterward that of Trajan. Constantine sent them to adorn the Imperial Hippodrome at Constantinople, whence Dandolo brought them to Venice in 1202 as the spoils of war. They were carried away by Napoleon to Paris in 1797, and restored to Venice in 1815 by Francis of Austria.

The whole interior of St. Mark's is, we might say, an encyclopedia of history, tradition, and sentiment expressed in mosaics, paintings, sculptures and carvings by world-famous masters; exceedingly beautiful to behold; intensely interesting to consider, but quite impossible to describe.

The lower parts of the walls are richly embellished with Oriental marbles, while the upper portions and the vaultings are covered with mosaics

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on a background of gold. These mosaics, aggregating over forty-five thousand square feet, give an admirable survey of the development of this art since the tenth century. St. Mark's was the state church of the republic. Here the doges were crowned, and on festival occasions the authorities attended service in full state.

Possibly the most impressive feature, humanly speaking—whether it be fact or legend—is the tomb of St. Mark, whose body, according to tradition, was transferred to Venice from Alexandria in the year 829. In this connection Ruskin says: "That the Venetians possessed themselves of his body in the ninth century there appears no reason to doubt; and however we may regard the story, it cannot be denied that the belief in it by the Venetians and others attracted crowds of pious pilgrims to the Rialto, and thus increased the traffic and prestige of the port, while the Venetians adopted St. Mark as their patron saint, and their war-cry, 'Viva San Marco!' inspired their courage in many a fight on sea and land."

Near by the tomb is a huge block of red granite, brought here from Tyre, upon which Jesus is supposed to have sat when he delivered his immortal beatitudes—The Sermon on the Mount.

To mortal sense the place seems so sacred, so holy, that one feels impelled to uncover one's head and remove one's sandals. This feeling, however, soon gives place to one more spiritualized, for we

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know that it is the living Christ, Truth, that uplifts and redeems the world, not the dead body of any saint, however holy, even though he walked with Jesus in the flesh! The crowning work of the ministry of Christ Jesus on earth, as the writer understands it, was to annul the law of bondage to erring human beliefs; to set free the captives of sense, by teaching humanity the nothingness of matter and the allness of Spirit.

Familiar Bible stories are told in rich mosaics; beautiful conceptions are portrayed in oils; exquisite altars, where candles burn continually, are scattered throughout the building, while hundreds of columns in precious marbles reveal the fact that the earth has yielded her rarest treasures in the way of adornment, and the greatest artists and sculptors of their time have paid the tribute of their genius to the truly wonderful Church of San Marco.

We passed from the church into the courtyard of the Palace of the Doges. We loitered here a few moments to peer down into two old wells, dating from the years 1556 and 1559, respectively. Rims of highly ornamented bronze encircle the tops of these wells and, though they are not now in use, it is interesting to look down into their cool depths and know that more than three hundred years ago the rulers of Venice quaffed daily of their crystal flow.

We climbed the richly-carved Scala dei Giganto, the splendid flight of steps leading to the first bal-

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cony of the palace, and which derives its name from the gigantic statues of Mars and Neptune which adorn it. This stairway was built by Rizzo, and on its top landing, in the latter days of the republic, the Doges of Venice were crowned.

As we paused here on the worn stone flagging, where the very atmosphere seemed to whisper of peace and serenity, we realized that we were standing upon the exact spot where, more than five hundred years ago, occurred one of the supreme tragedies of Venice—the beheading of Marino Falieri!

The whole story is spectacular. Falieri, at the age of seventy years, was elected Doge of Venice, he being the third of his name to be thus honored. A mighty man of affairs, he had long been a power in all matters Venetian. He is said, though, to have been possessed of an ungovernable temper, and it is related of him that he once slapped the face of a bishop! This, however, was not the incident that led to his downfall. A young patrician, it seems, cherishing a grudge against the venerable doge, circulated a slanderous report involving the fair name of the latter's beautiful young wife. The punishment of the young noble, meted out by a patrician tribunal, did not satisfy the doge's sense of outraged ducal dignity, and he organized an audacious plot in which he purposed to overthrow the republic and assume sovereign rights himself. This far-reaching conspiracy was revealed on the

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very eve of its intended execution, and Falieri was arrested and promptly put to death by decapitation.

Looking down into the great court of the palace, we could almost conjure up a vision of the tragic spectacle, as the doge enters in his ducal robes in procession with the Council of Ten, and other patricians, attended by the guards.

The outer gates are closed against the people. Slowly the imperial-like procession proceeds up the giant stairway to the spot where but a year before the doge had been crowned, and where the executioner now stands with sword in hand. The chief of the ten removes the ducal cap from his head.

At this point Byron, in his forceful drama, "Marino Falieri, Doge of Venice," makes Falieri say:

> "So now the Doge is nothing, and at last
> I am again Marino Falieri:
> 'Tis well to be so though but for a moment:
> Here was I crowned, and here, bear witness
> Heaven! with how much more contentment
> I resign that shining mockery, the ducal crown,
> Than I received the fatal bauble!"

In the hall of the Great Council, which contains the portraits of all the doges, the space allotted to that of Falieri is draped with a veil of sable and bears the following inscription:

"Hic est locus Marini Faletro, decapitati pro criminibus."

The palace, which has been five times destroyed by fire, is in keeping with the dignity of its purpose, as the seat of government of the republic. The

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whole building is today a treasure-house of history, literature and art. The great rooms are a succession of art galleries, libraries and museums, where one should spend weeks instead of an hour or two. We passed from floor to floor, from room to room, each one telling its own particular story. The Chamber of the Council of Ten perhaps impressed us most. Here we noted the two doors that meant so much to the prisoner called before the council to receive his sentence. Through one of these the acquitted passed to liberty; through the other the condemned passed over the Bridge of Sighs to incarceration or death!

It is hardly possible to make mention of any special work of art where there is such profusion of subjects so skilfully handled, but, personally, the canvas representing the "Marriage of Venice and the Adriatic," by Titian, was strong in its appeal, as was also the "Gloria in Paradise," by Tintoretta. The last-mentioned occupies one entire wall of the Senate Chamber, and is said to be the largest canvas in the world. It is thirty-two by eighty-four feet.

We passed again into the Square of St. Mark's just as the clock on the Torre dell Orologio clanged the hour of twelve. The mechanism of this clock is wonderful. In addition to the register of the dial, which is itself a work of rare ingenuity, it counts the passing hours upon a huge bell on top of the tower. Here two colossal Moors, in bronze, stand

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on opposite sides of the bell, and, with sturdy, alternate strokes, beat off the fleeting hours of time, day after day.

It was high noon and time for us to return to our hotel.

Immediately after luncheon a fleet of gondolas lined up at the hotel landing to bear us away for an afternoon sail on the highways and byways of Venice.

For hours we drifted lazily over the placid lagoons and drowsy canals. We stopped at various places of interest, including the Maria Della Salute Church, dating far back into the sleeping centuries, filled with works of art and teeming with historic interest.

But we have seen paintings, sculptures, mosaics and antiquities until their appeal is weakening. We would rather nestle down among the soft cushions of our romantic craft and just listen to the lap of the waves and the dip of the oar; just revel in the scene of beauty all about us; just drift along past the old, old palaces and drink in the perfume of the red oleanders which thrust their riotous blossoms exultantly over the low walls of the Canalazzo.

So we wove our own little rosary of dreams as we passed palace after palace, many of them claiming special note. One is the home of Desdemona, made famous by Shakespeare in "The Merchant of Venice," and said to be haunted by a dusky-hued

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ghost armed with a pillow; another housed Lord Byron while his muse was wooing him to sing of this city of the sea; another claims the Brownings, while still another bears the distinction of having received under its roof Henry III of Poland. Our gondolier imparted these bits of information in broken English, made musical by his soft Italian accent.

We landed at the Rialto and wandered along its little shops and market places; took a cooling draught from a well centuries old, and gave a skeptical glance toward the famous bridge where, tradition says, the shade of Shylock oft appears.

We visited the old Jesuit Church in an old, old part of the city, and got a brief glimpse of "the other side" of life. As we sailed along in this quarter we passed a rickety old gondola in which were four small urchins; the oldest, about nine, bravely trying to steer his unruly craft with a broken oar. We beseeched our gondolier to help him. But he only smiled and splashed the small adventurers with a shower of drops from his own oar. It seemed heartless to let them drift further and further out from the shore; but perhaps he knows the aquatic skill of Venetian youngsters better than does the writer, who declares that if she had a family of children in Venice, she would insure their lives to the limit and turn them loose, convinced she never could raise them! The fate of those tiny cruisers will always remain a mystery.

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On and on we floated until the breeze began to stiffen, the ripples expanded into small billows, over which our gondola skimmed like a black-winged bird. We were getting a little too near the open sea for a gondola with one oar. We were glad when our conductor signaled for our return to more placid waters.

As we neared the point from which we started, we turned from the Grand Canal into the narrow water-lane between the Palace of the Doges and the prison. As we passed under the Bridge of Sighs connecting these buildings, we were attracted by a voice of unusual sweetness. There underneath the over-arching bridge lounged a gondolier, with cap in hand, his dark hair curling about his moist temples, evidently resting after a hard row on the canal. He was singing a snatch of Italian opera with a voice worthy of Caruso. "A singer lost to the world!" I mentally exclaimed. Yet, who knows but those liquid notes were wafting to some weary, saddened soul in the grim old prison, a message of inspiration and love?

We closed our day with a visit to the glass works. This is perhaps the most important industry of Venice. Thousands of workers are engaged in the manufacture of beads, mirrors, silver filagrees, ornamental glasswares and novelties of all kinds and descriptions. We added a few final souvenirs to our already long list, simply because the wares were irresistible.

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It was our last night in Venice. Reluctantly we prepared for our departure in the morning. We understand, of course, that Venice today is but a reflection, so to speak, of her former glory. But we had two delightful days in a city whose life is like a dream, and whose history is like a romance.

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BOOK NUMBER NINE

Milan, in the Plains of Lombardy

ON Wednesday morning, June twenty-fifth, we left Venice for Milan, a very modern electric launch bearing us swiftly over the waters of the Grand Canal to the railway station.

The train passed out over the long concrete bridge which connects Venice with the mainland, and which reminds one somewhat of the Lucian cut-off across Salt Lake, in our own country. Reaching the terminus of the bridge, from which we wafted a final good-bye to Venice, we soon realized that Italy is the home of the grape, the olive, the pomegranite and many other delicious fruits.

There is an air of thrift and comfort and age everywhere. The orchards are pruned in a way that prevents the wide branching of the trees, and the grape-vines, set in line with them, are so trained that they swing in graceful festoons from tree to tree, making a continuous hedge of green foliage. The trees are set at regular intervals of space and the ground between them planted to wheat, clover, melons, berries and vegetables. The highways are bordered by stately Lombardy poplars and fruitful mulberry trees. The houses, softened by the sun of many summers, are roofed with

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red tiles, and set, as they are, amid orchards, vineyards and gardens, and canopied over by sunny, southern skies, they make a pleasing picture suggestive of peace, plenty and contentment.

We reached Milan just before noon, and were soon comfortably settled in our hotel, enjoying letters from home—which, by the way, through the promptness and efficiency of the Cook service, always greeted us at every stopping place.

Immediately after luncheon, our party, with guide, seated in two large tallyhos, started out to tour the city. The writer climbed up into the seat with the driver, who was resplendent in his handsome liveries, but who, unfortunately, could speak scarcely a word of English. He was, however, an excellent whip and knew exactly how to hold the reins over his somewhat restive horses.

The view from this vantage point was so satisfying that ever afterward "a seat with the driver" was held at a premium.

Our first stop was at the great Cathedral. Here my pen would stop also, impotent to portray its wondrous beauty. The great structure seems the final word in the art of architecture—a dream wrought out in pure white marble, ethereal-looking as alabaster. Though massive and of huge proportions, one can scarcely believe it the work of human hands, the conception of human brains; but rather, that it arose at the wave of an enchanter's wand, or at the magic touch of Alladin's wonderful lamp.

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This exquisitely beautiful edifice, Gothic in style of architecture, was begun in the last quarter of the fourteenth century, from designs by an unknown architect; but during its erection many of the greatest architects of Europe contributed designs for its embellishment. It is crowned with a dome and innumerable turrets, which, with its two thousand marble statues, produce an impression well-nigh overpowering.

In point of size it ranks third among the great cathedrals of Europe, being exceeded only by St. Peter's at Rome and the far-famed Cathedral of Seville. Some conception of the magnitude of the structure may be gained from the fact that it is capable of accommodating thirty thousand people. It was here that the First Napoleon, in 1805, was crowned King of Italy.

The interior, which is supported by fifty-two marble columns eleven feet in diameter, contains much that is beautiful, much that is interesting.

The windows are marvels of artistic beauty, which must be seen to be appreciated. Even then one cannot fully realize the vast outlay of money, genius, patience and labor they represent.

There are numerous altars, all of them rich and beautiful and each one sacred to some particular saint, to the Virgin Mary, or to the Christ Child.

There are many fine paintings and sculptures, also objects of great antiquity. We noted a crucifix which was carried by Carlo Borromeo during

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the plague of 1576. In the transept hangs a fine bronze candelabra of the thirteenth century. There are monuments and sarcophagi of three archbishops dating from the eleventh, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Everything, indeed, is redolent of the past, and of reverence for ancient traditions.

It is difficult for a person of liberated thought to understand, in this enlightened twentieth century, the tenacity with which many pious people of Europe hold on to the legends of bygone centuries. Some of them seem in veritable bondage to beliefs that the average American would not entertain seriously for a moment.

For instance, in wandering through this splendid cathedral—with which I frankly confess we have nothing in the United States to compare—I paused in front of a statue whose drapery seemed quite unusual. Our guide hastened to explain that the figure was that of Saint Bartholomew, and related how the good saint had been flayed alive, and that he simply draped his skin about him, wearing it as a garment, and continued to preach the gospel for three days before passing on to another plane of existence!

The whole cathedral, though, is so beautiful within and without, that one does not wonder that the citizens of Milan consider it the eighth wonder of the world. As we took a final sweeping

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look at its glorious interior we found ourself singing with Tennyson:

"O, Milan, O, the chanting choirs:
The giant windows blazoned fires:
The height, the depth, the gloom, the glory!
A mount of marble, a hundred spires!"

Some of us climbed the stairway to the roof and, as the day was fine and clear, we obtained a magnificent view not only of the city and its environs, but of the Bernese Alps—Monte Rosa, Mont Blanc, St. Bernhard and St. Gothard—all bathed in the glory of the mid-day sun. We came down to *terra firma* feeling well repaid for our somewhat arduous climb.

While the cathedrals, museums, and art galleries are the *pieces de resistance*, as it were, in nearly all European cities, and are, therefore, the first places of interest shown to tourists, still the cities themselves, as great foreign municipalities, are extremely interesting to American travelers.

A drive along the somewhat narrow though well-kept streets of Milan reveals on every hand evidences of the city's wealth and prosperity. It accentuates, too, the art instinct of the citizens, for one comes upon striking monuments and exquisite bits of statuary in the most unexpected places. I have never seen more beautiful parks and public gardens than those of this capital city, suggesting,

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as they do, the love of the people for the great out-of-doors which the climate of Italy makes so delightful.

After a brisk drive we stopped in the Corso Magenta to visit the Dominican Church of Santa Maria delle Graçie, a Gothic brick structure of the fifteenth century. The choir and the sixteen-sided dome were designed by Bramonte. The elegant main portal, the elaborate external decoration of the lower part of the building, also due to Bramonte, are said to be among the most charming creations of the early Renaissance.

What interested us most, however, was a door opening into the refectory of the convent, marked "Cenacolo Vinciano," for we knew that beyond its threshold we would behold one of the world's masterpieces of art, the celebrated "Last Supper" of Leonardo Da Vinci.

This famous picture painted in oil on the wall in the refectory of the Santa Maria delle Graçie, was executed in 1497, when the artist was forty-five years of age.

Of course, time in its flight has laid a blighting touch upon the great painting. It has been restored at intervals by different artists, and in 1908 the painting was carefully cleaned and renewed and the colors fixed with mastic by Cavanaghi. Here in the same room are exhibited a collection of Raffael Morghen's wonderful engravings; also numerous photographs, as well as several contemporaneous

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copies of the famous painting, some of which are most excellent.

The original alone, however, portrays to the full extent the emotion which Da Vinci intended to express, and which even the very best copies fail to reproduce.

There is a fascination altogether indescribable about this picture. It is so very realistic; the expression on each face so marvelous; the individual treatment of each figure so wonderful, that instead of its being a painting centuries old, one can almost believe it to be the living group gathered about the sacred board, the disciples listening in dismay to the startling speech which falls from the lips of their beloved Master:

"One of you shall betray me."

As one studies this great master work of art, one stands, in fancy, in that quiet Upper Room in Jerusalem where the Passover is being eaten, at the close of a day in early spring, nearly nineteen hundred years ago. The wine and bread have been blessed and partaken of, and Jesus, with sorrowful face and downcast eyes, has revealed the pathetic fact that one of his chosen band is a traitor! "Is it I?" is the question each one is asking, even to Judas, with the betrayal price of thirty pieces of silver already in his possession.

The whole attitude of the Master, the position of His arms, the outstretched palms of His hands, His resignation, His silence, all seem to accentuate His

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mournful declaration: "One of you shall betray me!" The appeal of the picture, with its power and its pathos, is altogether inexpressible.

As an evidence of how the people of Milan love and revere this precious art treasure, we are told that during an invasion of the French, the painting was whitewashed to conceal its presence and to protect it from disaster. The same spirit still inspires those in charge today to use every means of preserving it for posterity.

It has been said of Leonardo Da Vinci that his genius was universal. One can readily believe that this is true when one considers that while his works in art are classed with those of Raphael and Michael Angelo, he was also sculptor, architect, engineer, inventor, anatomist, botanist, mathematician, astronomer, poet and musician! He seems, indeed, to have grasped truth by intuition, and knowledge by preternatural revelation.

At an easel in this refectory we noticed an artist busily working on an unfinished copy of the Last Supper. In fact, we found in nearly all the art galleries of Europe, artists, some of them American, studying and reproducing the old masterpieces.

We next visited the old church of St. Ambrozio. This is a Romanesque basilica of the twelfth century, but dating back to the fourth century, to the time of Saint Ambrose, who erected it on the remains of the old Roman temple devoted, it is said, to Bacchus, the god of wine. The church was

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founded in 386 and dedicated to Saints Gervasius and Protosius by St. Ambrose, who, according to ancient tradition, baptized St. Augustine here in the year 387. It was rebuilt by the Benedictines in 800, but of their work nothing remains today except the Chancel and the Campanile dei Monaci. The main part of the church was rebuilt in the twelfth century.

The interior is decorated with a number of beautiful frescoes by noted Italian artists, and contains a fine old altar which has been preserved intact through all the vicissitudes of the building, and is a treasure of great antiquity. This, with scenes from the life of David, dates from the time of St. Ambrose.

One of the many objects of interest seen here is a very magnificent white marble statue of Pope Pius IX. Not only are the pose and the expression of the great prelate wonderfully natural and life-like, but his flowing robe involves an intricate pattern of lace which is wrought so exquisitely that it suggests the needle rather than the chisel. As we considered the delicacy of this work we could only wonder at the technical skill and the infinite patience of the sculptor who could thus visualize the picture which he, with artist eye, could see imprisoned in the heart of the unchiseled marble.

The modernized crypt contains a silver reliquary in which are preserved the bones of the founder, St. Ambrose, together with those of Saints Ger-

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vasius and Protosius, to whom the church was dedicated.

Our guide stated that it is purposed, in the near future, to remove all disfiguring environments and establish here a museum. It was in this church that the German emperors were crowned kings of Italy.

Milan abounds in churches worthy of note, but our time was short and there was much to see. So we started for a drive about the city, which included a spin through a most delightful park, and along the beautiful thoroughfares.

We made a brief stop at the Castle Sforzesco, which has been recently restored by the commune and the generosity of private individuals. This castle is full of historic interest and means much to the liberty-loving Italians. We next viewed the Arena, an immense amphitheatre, erected in 1805 by the order of Napoleon. It was designed by Luigi Cavonica, and seats thirty thousand spectators. The Door of Triumph leading into this arena is richly carved, showing a motif of typical antique games.

We paused a little further on before the beautiful Arch of Peace, long enough to admire it and to photograph it. This great gateway was constructed from designs of the architect Cagnola and was dedicated to Napoleon. The arch was inaugurated in 1838 by Ferdinand I of Austria, preserver of the peace. In 1859, Lombardy being freed from Aus-

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tria, the inscriptions sculptured on the arch under Ferdinand were canceled and the present ones put in their place.

The Statue of Peace, which crowns this arch, is exceedingly beautiful. Peace is represented by a woman, in bronze, standing in a chariot, holding an olive branch aloft in her hand. The chariot is drawn by six splendid bronze horses, and is flanked on either side by a single horseman, also in bronze.

These horses, like those of Dandolo at Venice, are said to have had a somewhat spectacular career before they gained a permanent resting place upon this beautiful triumphal arch. They are one of the chief works of the noted sculptor, Sangiorgio.

We proceeded from here to the Monumental Cemetery, the finest Campi Santi in Italy, and which is certainly unlike anything we have ever seen. It contains fifty acres and is enclosed by long colonnades.

Here the Italian love of art seems to run riot. The whole enclosure is like a mammoth exposition of statuary, showing the marvelous technique and versatility of Milanese sculptors.

These monuments need not, and seldom do, refer to the entombed bodies, but are allowed the widest latitude as to the sentiments they express, and may be erected by anyone who chooses to do so. They embody and display every conceivable fancy, and I must say they do much to eliminate that sense

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of gloom which so often broods over these silent cities of the dead.

Some idea of the diversity of subjects represented may be gained by the mention of one particular monument. It is an immense boulder of red granite upon which oxen, life-size and carved out of the same stone, are yoked together to a crude plow, with which a sturdy pioneer, also of the granite, and life size, is laboriously breaking up the virgin sod of some new country. If it were in the United States it would suggest the vast prairies of Texas, but Australia is the country indicated. The monument was erected at the cost of thousands of dollars, by a man who had made a princely fortune in subduing the soil of an alien land, which achievement this wonderfully and fearfully made monument will commemorate for many a year, and which, incidentally, may inspire other ambitious young men to "go and do likewise."

Some of the tombs are adorned with life-size portraits of their occupants and in other unusual ways, but it is the infinite variety of monuments placed here that makes the Campi Santi so intensely interesting, and, while the subjects of some of them are quite out of the ordinary, they are all really works of art.

We returned to the hotel late in the afternoon, where we, as peace ambassadors, were received by Mr. Theodore Ernesto Moneta, Madame Rosalia Gwis Adami and other prominent peace advocates.

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Mr. Moneta is a member of the Peace Commission of Berne, Switzerland; former editor of "Il Sicolo," and president of the Union Lombarda, a large and strong peace organization which, in 1906, made the arrangements for the Seventeenth International Peace Congress. He made an eloquent and inspiring address, which was heartily responded to by members of our embassy.

Mr. Moneta was followed by Madame Adami, of Milan, who is president of a large peace society of young women of Italy, and which she is trying to extend to the United States and other countries. She is also an officer of the Italian Government for instruction in the French language. Madame Adami, too, is very eloquent and exceedingly zealous in the peace movement.

It is indeed gratifying to realize that the desire for peace is becoming not only international, but universal; and who so eminently fitted to plead for it as women! Upon them fall most heavily the burdens and ravages of war! We stand aghast when we contemplate the tremendous cost, the stupendous waste, the unspeakable sacrifice of war, in money, resource and human life!

We felt proud that we had been delegated to bring a message of peace and good will to the women of Europe, whom we find are looking to American women for help and inspiration along all lines of endeavor tending toward human betterment, and, as we parted with our distinguished co-workers

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for world-wide peace, we realized that a new and beautiful link had been forged in the chain of brotherhood and sisterhood of humanity.

After dinner we enjoyed a stroll through the famous Arcade, with its brilliant shops and cafes, and where tourists have such favorable opportunity to part with their money. There is a peculiar fascination about these cozy-looking arcades one finds in all European cities. Sheltered alike from the glare of the sun and the fall of the rain, they provide a pleasing promenade any time of the day or night, regardless of the weather. This one is a favorite evening resort, and, on account of its gay and brilliant appearance, is called the "Little Paris."

Milan is a very attractive city as well as a great commercial center of over half a million population. It ranks second in size of Italian cities, Naples ranking first and Rome third. The city is almost circular in form and has a circuit of approximately eight miles. It is enclosed on three sides with walls and low ramparts and is entered by ten gates.

Although Milan is a city of great antiquity, the numerous conflicts in which it has been engaged, the calamitous wars by which it has been sacked and ravaged, have destroyed nearly all buildings of an earlier period than the thirteenth century, and have swept away well-nigh all indications of its connection with the Romans, by whom it was conquered in the year 222 B. C. Demolished more than once, it has risen each time, phoenix-like, with

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greater splendor than before. Neither the struggles of Roman times, the wars of the Middle Ages, the misrule of the Spanish, nor the suppression of Napoleon, have retarded more than temporarily the growth and prosperity of this perennial city.

The remarkable geographical situation of Milan, in the fruit-belt of Lombardy, near the great roads and passes that connect Italy with other countries of Europe, assures it a permanent share in the prosperity of the continent—a share greatly augmented in recent years by the opening of the St. Gothard Railway.

In religion, the Milanese have developed a spirit of freedom and independence which does not conform to the extreme claims of the Roman See, but favors a reformed Catholicism more in keeping with advanced religious thought, and a deeper sense of spiritual awakening.

We saw much, learned much, and enjoyed much in our short stay in Milan, and only regretted we could not tarry longer within the gates of that charming old-new city in the fruitful plains of Lombardy.

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BOOK NUMBER TEN

Lucerne, the Heart of Switzerland

THURSDAY morning, June twenty-sixth, we left Milan, by way of the St. Gothard Railway and the Swiss Alps, for Lucerne, Switzerland.

Those of us who have traveled extensively in the great West of our own country have often marveled at the wonderful feats of engineering that are in evidence throughout the Rocky Mountains. We can, therefore, understand in a measure what it meant to build the St. Gothard Railway.

This road, which is one of the main arteries of continental traffic, is one hundred and seventy-two miles long and includes in its construction seventy-six tunnels, skilfully cut through the solid rock, and three hundred and twenty-four bridges of more than thirty-foot span.

The road was commenced in 1872, was completed in 1882, and became state property in 1909. It is considered one of the most stupendous accomplishments in engineering of the nineteenth century, and represents an outlay of two hundred and ninety million francs, or fifty-eight million dollars, American money.

Passing as it does through the very heart of the Swiss Alps, a panorama of scenic splendor, varying

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from picturesqueness to sublimity and grandeur, unfolded itself continuously before us. Indeed, we found it quite impossible to keep our seats in our compartments, but stood in line before the windows in the long corridor of our car, that we might enjoy an uninterrupted view of the magnificent landscapes through which we were passing.

From high bridges, and steep curves around sheer mountain sides, we looked far down upon peaceful villages and hamlets nestled in the valleys 'mid tiny orchards and gardens; or looked up and saw rollicking waterfalls leaping down from dizzy heights, in the very joy of recklessness and daring.

At frequent intervals we skirted along the shores of beautiful Alpine lakes, looking like mammoth jewels of turquoise set in rims of emeralds, and reflecting in their liquid depths the azure glory of the June-day skies. We realized anew that nothing, indeed, is "so rare as a day in June"—especially when viewed from a train *de luxe,* amid the ever-shifting scenes of the Swiss Alps.

The ride is practically an all-day one, but our train, an unusually fine one, carried a diner and our temporal wants were abundantly provided for.

Late in the afternoon, as we neared the St. Gothard tunnel, which is virtually a spiral stairway nine miles long, requiring twenty minutes to pass through, a slight sense of nervousness became manifest amongst some of our party. In the meantime the mountains had assumed a more stern and

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forbidding aspect, and seemed to close in upon us on every side. One or two timid ones predicted what an awful catastrophe it would be should our train break down in the middle of the great tunnel, in the very heart of the mountain! But why consider calamities that never happen? Besides, freedom from accidents has given the continental railroads a splendid reputation for safety—a reputation very conducive to the pleasures of foreign travel.

In order to give more breathing space to others in our compartment while all windows must be closed, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Peck and myself wended our way into the dining car a few minutes before time for the train to dart into the darkness of the great spiral tube. There was so much room in the diner, and—shall I confess it?—the presence of two or three gentlemen actually radiated a wonderful atmosphere of security.

We ordered a delightful little luncheon, which was served at exactly the right moment; so paying no attention to the outer darkness or to the smoke-veiled windows, we kept the spirit of good cheer flowing so lively that almost before we were aware of it, we were again out in the open and had enjoyed every moment of the dark passage.

But, as I looked out over the haughty, snow-capped peaks, and noted the little farmsteads wedged in the winding valleys at their base, suggesting such dreary isolation, my heart went out in sympathy for these lonely mountain folk, whose life

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must, necessarily, be hard and narrow. I tried to put myself in their place and, realizing how intolerable the situation would be, I said to my companions: "This has been a delightful day, and I have fairly reveled in the wonderful scenery through which we have passed, but I tell you now, girls, I would not live here for anything in the world!"

A gentleman sitting at the next table, and whose speech betrayed his American nationality, expressed himself along the same lines as follows:

"I see where you are right, lady. I was just thinking to myself that if I had to spend the balance of my life here I would want to start to Heaven tonight!"

It had, however, been a glorious day, a day spent close—almost too close—to the heart of nature; a day that sort of subdues one into moods of introspection and seriousness of thought.

We reached Lucerne before sundown. Carriages were waiting at the station to convey us to our hotel. As we entered our rooms, which were immaculately clean and homey-looking, we were glad to see the soft covers of down across the foot of our beds, for, though it was June, it was cold enough to appreciate and be grateful for the steam-heat which was turned on for our benefit.

Lucerne might be termed the hub of tourist travel in Switzerland. It is a center from which radiate many delightful sight-seeing trips. Possessing direct communication with all parts of Europe, and

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lying in the most charming section of the Alpine country, it is easily reached, and travelers are enabled to get to all places of importance with comparative ease.

It is, though, its own picturesque situation, at the head of the beautiful Lake Lucerne—the Lake of Four Cantons—that makes it such an inviting spot, not only for a day or two, but for a whole season's sojourn.

The view of the mountains across the blue waters of the lake is exceedingly fine. The nearer ranges include the Rigikulm, the Pilatus and other famous peaks, while beyond these tower the immortal snows of the higher Alps.

Of all the Alpine peaks, that of the Jungfrau is the queenliest. A fascinating legend enshrines this virgin peak and all of this beautiful Alpine country. It is one that never loses its charm for tourists. Though very ancient, it passes current each year in the summer hotels of Switzerland. The fable runs as follows:

"When Adam and Eve were driven from Paradise in disgrace, God decided to remove this Eden-garden away from the earth. He called His messengers, the angels, and bade them lift it up, with everything it contained, and carry it from one end of the earth to the other, before bringing it back to Heaven, that the human race might learn to know what they had lost through the sin of their first parents. The angels obeyed the Lord's behest.

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They lifted it up by its four corners and carried it from land to land, from continent to continent. Wherever they went the sky assumed a deeper azure blue; the stars shone with more brilliancy; glad warmth, and bright lights were shed from Paradise on the earth; innocence and happiness reigned supreme, and grief and sin disappeared. The people bewailed Eve's temptation and Adam's fall; they lifted up their hands to God in prayer, and implored Him to restore to them one little bunch of flowers from the heavenly realm they had lost.

"But the Ruler of the Universe was deeply grieved over the sin of His children. He turned a deaf ear to their entreaties and bade His angels to carry away the Garden of Eden.

"On their way the white-winged messengers reached Switzerland. They saw the crystal brooks dance from rock to rock. The meadows were in bloom, and the people lived peacefully and contentedly in their wooden cottages, and looked adoringly up to the lofty glacier peaks. All was pure and serene, and the angels wondered as they looked down on the earth and tarried and rested in their flight.

" 'See how the world smiles,' said one to the other. 'The mountains are clad in the mantle of chastity; the meadows have donned the garb of hope; love's heart-blood hangs in burning drops from the vines that cover the hillsides, and the pretty land opens its great blue eyes!'

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"They were talking of the beautiful lakes. The angels were gazing so intently, that in their eager admiration they dropped one corner of the sheet in which they carried Paradise, and ere they could prevent it, a piece of Eden beauty, blooming, fragrant and sparkling, had dropped down on the earth between the lakes, at the foot of the Jungfrau. It clung to her girdle, and smiled up sweetly into the angel faces, until they departed, loth to gather up the treasures they had spilled. The Ruler of the Universe was satisfied and said: 'Let it remain where it is. I will make another corner, and the careless cherub, who has allowed it to drop, shall all his life sit down and mend the torn shreds.'"

In view of such delightful natural scenery one can almost fancy the legend of Paradise truth rather than fable; for one surrenders almost unconsciously to the sweet intoxication that holds the senses spellbound.

The city of Lucerne is divided by the sea-tinted River Reuss, which is spanned by several bridges. The first and largest of these bridges is the See Brucke, commanding a splendid view of town and lake; also connecting at one end with the fashionable promenade of the place. But the most interesting bridge from the tourist standpoint is the quaint old Kapell Brucke, roofed over with dull red tiles and dating back many, many years. It is built across the river in a slanting line in order to withstand the pressure of the waters, which here

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divide and swoop and swirl with great force around the old water tower. The under-surface of the roofing is adorned with pictures illustrating, in unique way, the early history of Lucerne.

At half-past nine of our first morning in Lucerne we were ready for our scheduled sight-seeing. I wish to say in this connection that our conductor, Mr. Solbach, relieved us of all care and responsibility and made our way pleasant and easy for us, and only asked that we all be ready at the appointed time, and thus avoid the annoying delays that even one tardy member may cause. I must say, though, the ladies were very prompt, and were usually in line when it was time for the caravan to "move on."

Our journey for the day was a trip to Mt. Rigi, which began with a delightful sail on Lake Lucerne.

The boat in which we took passage was admirably arranged, swift and comfortable. We took seats on the upper deck in order to enjoy to the utmost the charming scenes spread out before us—the wonderful handiwork of Nature, finished and beautified by the versatile hand of man.

The breeze was stiff and bracing, but with warm clothing, steamer coats and veils, we did not surrender to the lure of warmer quarters on the deck below. The lake, blue as a robin's egg, broken into myriad dimples at the bold kiss of the wind, is bordered by picturesque shores adorned with villas, chalets, tourist hotels and summer play-grounds.

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We disembarked at the pretty village of Vitznau —a popular little resort place with a wealth of flowers snuggled in between lake and mountain-side.

Here the Rigi Railway begins. We entered a cogwheel car and began our ascent to the top of the mountain. The experience is very similar to that of going by cog up Pike's Peak, in Colorado. The main difference is in the scenery, and the point of altitude reached—that of Mt. Rigi being much less than that of Pike's Peak.

The whole way is full of interest. We started with the lake at one side and sheer walls of granite on the other. As we ascended we passed little meadow-lands bordered with hedgerows and spangled with yellow daisies, and in which Jersey cows, with tuneful bells, browsed knee-deep amongst the clover. Here we slipped through a tunnel, and there passed over a high bridge and looked far down over deep chasms of leaping water, fed by airy cascades with sources hid in the mountain fastness. At every wayside station young Swiss maidens, in peasant dress, offered us tempting wild strawberries, edelweiss and Alpine roses. Through vistas of green woodlands we caught fascinating glimpses of the lake, dotted with small sails, looking from the heights like great white-winged swans.

Tall cliffs extend far out into the water, and as we rose higher everything—houses, trees, even the

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lake itself—seemed to lie at an angle or incline of about forty degrees, giving one a most peculiar sensation.

As we neared the mountain-top the air became more and more rarified, and very perceptibly colder, making the warm waiting-room of the terminus station most gratifying.

Unfortunately, a dense fog or cloud had settled down over the summit of the Rigi, which was, of course, a disappointment. Still, these mountain fogs have a way of lifting themselves very suddenly, so, undismayed, some of us climbed the succession of steps which lead to the crest, where on fine days a wonderful view reaching hundreds of miles is obtained.

Those who made the final climb pledged themselves not to reveal what they beheld, hence to those who preferred the cozy waiting room to a somewhat strenuous climb, with uncertain reward, a mystery still hovers over the top of Mt. Rigi!

Besides the cog, six mule-paths lead to the crest, one of them associated with the story of William Tell. Good hotel accommodations are provided at the summit for those who wish to remain overnight and see the sunrise.

On our way down we stopped at a wayside inn, about half-way between summit and base, and were served a most delicious luncheon in a glass-enclosed dining-room looking out upon a charming scene.

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We wondered if the mountain ozone is intoxicating, for we were in an almost hilarious mood and quite hungry enough to do justice to the good, wholesome food so appetizingly set before us. When we had laid down our napkins, thinking the last course was finished, and were about to rise from the table, in came our neat little waitress in her jaunty Swiss cap and peasant bodice, bearing in her hands a wonderful-looking confection in the form of a Swiss chalet, built of the most delicate pastry imaginable, and roofed over and put together with pure whipped cream—a veritable house of snow. Seeing our delight, she told us that it was the work of a real French chef, and was designed expressly in our honor.

While we had been feasting, a sudden mountain shower had gathered, and we crossed the ground to the station in a pelting rain. This we did not at all mind, as most of us carried umbrellas and gladly shared them with those who had none. It was still raining when we boarded the steamer and we were very willing to take refuge in the warmth and comfort of the cabin.

Returning to Lucerne about three o'clock, we spent the remainder of the afternoon in local sightseeing and shopping.

Our conductor first guided us to the pretty little park, containing the famous Lion of Lucerne—a gigantic bit of sculpture hewn out of the solid rock of the mountain-side and overshadowed by great

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forest trees. This wonderful piece of work was begun in 1821, through the initiative of Colonel Phyffer, by Ahorns, from drawings by Thorwalsden, the great Danish sculptor, in commemoration of the Swiss Guards who fell defending the Tuileries in 1792. It bears this inscription: "Helvetiorum Fidei ac Virtuti" (Helvetia is always faithful and virtuous). The sculpture is a marvelous creation, a vital object lesson, pervaded by an overwhelming sense of pathos.

As we looked at this majestic king of beasts in the supreme agony of death, the broken spear still in his heart; the battered shield thrown down; his great limp paw resting protectingly on the battle-flag bearing the fleur-de-lis of France, we were thrilled with emotion and filled with the shame and the pity of the stupendous human sacrifice the world has paid, and is still paying, to the insatiate God of War! Oh, women of every nation, every clime, and every tongue, rise in the strength of United Womanhood and demand that war shall cease!

The old argument that women cannot bear arms, and which has so long been used against their full emancipation, cannot alter the primal fact that women must bear the soldiers! It is women who suffer most keenly from the cruelty, the barbarism of war, and, in my opinion, women will be the greatest factor in ushering in the reign of universal peace!

A word about Thorwalsden, who designed the

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Lion of Lucerne, may not be amiss as an evidence of the impelling force inherent in real genius.

He was born in utter obscurity in the city of Copenhagen. The son of a poor ship-carpenter from Iceland, his first essays in art were the carving of figureheads in the yards where his father worked. Entirely uneducated though he was, his inborn genius for art enabled him to win the first gold medal for design at the Academy of Copenhagen, which also included the privilege of three years' residence abroad for study. He went to Rome and, after years of obscure and patient labor, he finally drew attention and admiration by the model of his great work, "Jason." It was, however, at a point when he was almost hopelessly discouraged that he received an order for its production in marble at a princely figure. From that time on fame and prosperity were his handmaidens. Returning later to Denmark his reception in Copenhagen was triumphal. He was received in princely manner and apartments were assigned him at the palace of Charlottenburg.

Previous to his sudden death, which occurred in a theater, he had bequeathed a splendid collection of his works to his native country to be preserved in a museum bearing his own name, and for the support of which he made ample provision. This magnificent collection is today one of the glories of the Danish metropolis. By his own countrymen Thor-

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walsden is ranked as one of the greatest sculptors since Michael Angelo.

We turned away from the Lion of Lucerne, which for nearly one hundred years has rested in silent majesty on this hillside of Switzerland. We have studied its history; we have learned its lesson; we feel its influence.

Another sudden shower surprised us. We took shelter in one of the nearby souvenir shops, which seem to camp all along the trail of tourists in Europe. Like other foreign cities, Lucerne has its own characteristic wares, and really one can pick up delightful little novelties in Swiss workmanship, as well as the regulation souvenir cards and views.

Here we disbanded, as it were, for shopping was the program for the remainder of the afternoon. Shopping is an art in which women are supposed to excel, and on this occasion it ranged from selecting hand-embroidered handkerchiefs and other fine bits of needlework, to a search for genuine topaz stones. Personally, the most fascinating shop we visited was one devoted largely to articles of carved wood. In this work the Swiss are certainly past-masters. How beautiful and delicate this carving is! No wonder we surrendered to dear little cuckoo clocks, and to cake-plates with real Swiss music-boxes concealed beneath their carved surface, and which play deliciously-tinkling melodies every time the plate is raised from the table. Can you imagine

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anything more captivating than a dainty bit of angel-food cake served to an entrancing strain of a pretty Swiss air? So, regardless of the eagle-eyed custom officers who invaded our train at every frontier crossing, the resistless wares were purchased and nicely packed in innocent-looking boxes, with the assurance that the clock would not "cuckoo" nor the plate chime out a Tyrolean air at a time when such demonstration might prove embarrassing to us.

We returned to the hotel well satisfied with our purchases, and, indeed, with the whole day.

Amusing incidents sometimes occur even in the ranks of a dignified peace embassy. For instance, several of our party are staunch members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and do not always recognize certain subtle ingredients which frequently add the piquant and pleasing touch to foreign confections and sauces. I can, in this connection, see the wisdom of Saint Paul's injunction: "Eat what is set before you and ask no questions for conscience sake," especially when traveling abroad. We had been out all day drinking in the tonic ozone of the Alps. We were hungry and the food was excellent. For dessert this particular evening we had some kind of light, delicate cake baked in shape of a large ring, covered with pink-tinted icing, and served with dainty pink sauce. The writer, whose ancestors came from the "Old Domin-

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ion State," and brought many of its customs with them, recognized the flavor, but, not being radical along this line, said nothing. One little woman, however, sitting at the same table—a dyed-in-the-wool temperance advocate and head of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in her own state—after eating her portion of the dessert, said: "My! I could eat one of those whole rings, they are so good." The accommodating waiter, happening to hear this speech, soon returned with another liberal portion of cake, with plenty of the alluring pink sauce, which was partaken of with unusual relish and satisfaction. But, believing that "ignorance is bliss where 'tis folly to be wise," those of us who recognized the tanglefoot flavor consistently held our peace.

The evening was devoted largely to letter-writing and sociability. We retired at an early hour and found our soft beds and down covers a real luxury. It was cold, and during the night a fresh snow-fall covered the nearby mountain tops.

Switzerland, with its checkered political history, is now a vast summer play-ground. Lucerne is the gateway through which flows the great tide of tourist travel; still one can readily see that it is pre-eminently a city of homes. The all-pervasive air of neatness and thrift; the hand-wrought curtains displaying such dainty needlecraft; the bright red geraniums blooming on the window-ledges, all sug-

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gest the deft touch of the home-making, home-loving woman. Indeed, there is nothing to indicate that the modern spirit of feminine unrest has yet found its way into the hearts or the lives of the women of Lucerne.

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BOOK NUMBER ELEVEN

Old Heidelberg

TRAVELING according to a fixed schedule of time, and following a previously arranged itinerary demands prompt action upon the part of each individual.

On the evening prior to our departure from a given place, our conductor distributed amongst us at the dinner tables typewritten instructions advising us at what time to have our baggage ready, at what hour breakfast would be served, and at what time we would leave the hotel for the railway station.

Only once was a member of our party left behind. On this occasion there was quite a string of carriages, and no one had missed the lady until she, in tears, followed swiftly after us, reaching the station almost as soon as we did, and in ample time to catch the train. But it did not happen again.

At the appointed time Saturday morning, June twenty-eighth, we said good-bye to hospitable Lucerne, and turned our faces toward the classic old city of Heidelberg on the sunny banks of the Neckar River.

These railroad journeys between cities afforded us the best opportunity we had to be sociable and to visit with one another. We usually had a special

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car, and, although divided into several compartments, each one is accessible through the long corridor running along one side. Here we held our "conversazioni," compared notes, and exchanged experiences in general.

En route to Heidelberg we took dinner at Bâle, an historic old city, lying on both shores of the Rhine. As we had a stop here of a couple of hours, we spent the time in getting a fleeting glimpse of the place. Some of us took a quick spin in a taxi, some took a street car ride, some visited the cathedral, while our camera votaries found many pleasing subjects for their films right around the railway station.

Bâle is well-built, well-kept, and is the richest city in Switzerland.

It has many buildings of interest, besides the old cathedral, founded in the twelfth century, and which has passed through many vicissitudes.

But, personally, I was attracted greatly by the beauty that environs the railway station itself, and which betrays at a glance the civic pride of the citizens of Bâle. It is not planked down, so to speak, amid unsightly surroundings, but is so delightfully improved that a wait here is made a pleasure instead of a tedious killing of time. On one side flows the Rhine, spanned by a fine old bridge, built in the thirteenth century. On the other side is a great, paved open square, containing a large pool, bordered with bright blossoms, in

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which a splendid fountain tosses high its white spray. Water lilies and other aquatic plants bloom luxuriantly in the pool. Near by is a magnificent monument commemorating an important event in the political history of Switzerland.

Just back of this is a beautiful botanical garden, with shady footpaths, in which it is a pleasure to wander, and which makes such an appropriate setting for the pleasing picture facing it.

As I considered the charm of the whole *ensemble,* I thought of the palatial Union Station—one of the finest in the world—in my own home city, St. Louis. Regardless of the fact that the great bard of Avon declares that "comparisons are odious," I could not but fancy the imposing appearance it would make if thus favorably environed. Then, too, how much more clearly it would indicate, to the thousands of strangers continually passing through it, the real beauty of the great metropolis in which it is located.

Truly, "Art is long and time is fleeting." I realize that, eventually, art will have her perfect work in my own country. When it does, I trust our civic beauty will be supplemented with monuments portraying the arts of peace, rather than the arts of war!

It was late in the afternoon when we reached Heidelberg. We had just time enough to look over our mail, and to freshen ourselves up a bit, when dinner was announced.

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It may have been the constant change, the ceaseless out-door activity, or it may be that we were merely healthy, normal women, but whatever the cause, we developed during our trip unusually good appetites. Each one of us had gained in avoirdupois; the tinge of the American Beauty rose glowed in every cheek, and all were looking fine.

We found the food, in general, not only well-cooked, but the bread of such uniform excellence that I asked our conductor the reason for it. His explanation was that it is because all the wheat raised in Germany, Austria, Hungary and Switzerland is used the year it is grown. No grain is stored in elevators, therefore the bread is made from new flour all the time. He told me further that we would find no better bread in Paris and London than we have in New York, Chicago and St. Louis, from the fact that in all these cities the flour used is made principally from old wheat. In other words, there is in the countries just mentioned no manipulation of wheat simply because so many people must be fed from so small an area of production that its immediate consumption is imperative.

Indeed, the food proposition of many parts of Europe is a perplexing problem. Germany, for instance, has very limited resources and must depend largely upon the outside world for supply. If from any cause this supply should be cut off, it would result in panic and starvation.

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But, on the other hand, the whole German Empire is a vital object lesson in conservation and thrift. Not a grain of wheat, nor scarcely a wild berry, is wasted. Never have I seen, or dreamed of, such intensive production as that in evidence throughout Germany. I can now understand, as I never could before, how and why German farmers can come to the United States and buy old, run-down farms that have, through lack of scientific agricultural methods well-nigh impoverished their former owners, and in a few years become rich and prosperous. The secret is that they bring with them the habit of thrift, economy, alertness and care they were forced to exercise in their own country in order to live at all.

Heidelberg is fraught with that atmosphere of culture one would naturally expect to find in this old university town.

The Rhenish Palatinate in which the town is situated has been aptly termed the Garden of Germany. With wooded hills and flowing streams, Nature has produced most pleasing landscapes. The place is so old that historic facts commingle with legendary lore. Both are exceedingly interesting to the stranger within the gates.

Had we never heard of Heidelberg as a center of learning and intellectual attainments, our first evening here would have revealed the fact.

We attended a concert in the Bismarck Garden, near our hotel. This garden is an ideal place in

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which to spend a summer evening, because it is so beautiful. But here we listened to a musical program rendered by an orchestra of about one hundred string instruments which was well worthy of Theodore Thomas. Just think of a high-class musical feast like this in a public garden with an admission price of about ten cents American money. Each number on the program was the work of a master. The appreciative attention and the evident enjoyment of the audience emphasized the inborn love of the Germans for good music.

With souls refreshed by the copious draughts of sweet melody, we strolled for a while among the flowers, and soft-playing fountains, then returned to the hotel for a good night's sleep.

We arose promptly in the morning for an early breakfast, as we were to visit the old Castle of Heidelberg. A gentle rain was falling, but that did not deter nor detain us. Our carriages were at the door at the appointed time.

The drive to the castle, which is up a rather steep grade all the way, is a beautiful one. The roadway leads through a grand old forest, passing the university buildings, and affording through leafy vistas charming glimpses of the Neckar River, winding like a glistening ribbon far below.

Arriving at the crest of the hill we left our carriages and walked through the fine old wood to the entrance of the castle grounds.

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We speak of "Old Heidelberg" and, indeed, it is old in a way; but between the modern Heidelberg of today and the old town which had its beginning even before the beginning of the old castle, centuries have elapsed. While the castle, through the stress of wars and fires and sieges, has fallen a prey to time and ruin, the town has grown into a sturdy municipality of fifty thousand population whose educational supremacy is recognized throughout the civilized world.

How fitly does this suggest the victory of intelligence over passion: the triumph of humanity over barbarity!

As we stood within the vaulted portals of the castle gate and looked at the magnificent park-like forest—the finest in Germany—which surrounds the place, we were beholding a wood in which poets, hundreds of years ago, sought inspiration; for as early as the fifteenth century we find them singing the charms of Heidelberg. Indeed, the old castle, with its inspiring environment, has always been a favorite rendezvous for poets, artists, philosophers and men of letters.

The castle is commandingly situated, fifteen hundred feet above sea-level, on a hill called the Jettenbuhl, overlooking the Neckar River. The oldest part of it was built by the Elector Rudolph I, who is said to have removed it from the upper castle

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in 1308. Building after building was added successively, according to the fancy of the different rulers.

It is not possible to more than touch upon the intricate history which, like a vast spider-web, enmeshes the Castle of Heidelberg.

During the Thirty Years War—that terrific struggle fought to such bitter finish in the sacred name of religion—the castle had suffered so much that Karl Ludwig, on his return in 1649, found it absolutely uninhabitable. During his reign he completely restored and fortified it. Before the end of the century, however, during the Orleans wars, which lasted for years, the castle was so violently and continuously besieged that the end of this war, 1693, found the old stronghold again practically destroyed.

But, undismayed by repeated disaster, the restoration work was again taken up and some of the buildings restored and made inhabitable once more. Karl Philipp resided here until 1720.

Karl Theodor was planning a complete restoration of the castle when, in August, 1764, it was struck by lightning and the whole interior became a prey to the flames. That was the final blow, and since that time no further consideration has been given to rebuilding. But, from 1830, the greatest care has been taken to protect the ruins from further decay.

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The old castle, however, is splendid even in its ruins. These give ample evidence of its erstwhile grandeur and glory. Special mention of one particular facade, still in fairly good state of preservation, will substantiate this statement. This facade, the work of Otto Heinrich, is considered the oldest specimen, and the highest perfection, of German humanism. The statues which adorn it are in rows as follows:

First story shows statues of heroes: Joshua, Samson, Hercules and David—representatives of strength and power on which the state relies.

Second story portrays the three graces: Faith, Hope and Charity. These are flanked on one side by Strength, and on the other by Justice—symbolizing the chief virtues of a regent.

Third story displays statues of Saturn, Mars, Venus and Mercury, with Diana as Goddess of the Moon and Jupiter as God of the Sun—typifying, in allegory, the heavenly powers governing the fate of mankind.

The whole facade is indeed a wondrous conception of human idealism, intended to represent everything essential to a well-ordered government.

In the gable ends of the lower row of windows are eight heads in medallion-form, representing, according to inscriptions, Roman emperors and others: Vitellius, imperator; Antonius Pius; Tiberius Claudius Nero; Nero Caesar; C. Marius; Romulus N. Pamphiliys; M. Brutus. All the apart-

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ments in this portion of the castle were richly decorated with beautiful sculptures, many of which, particularly mantel-pieces, doorway and window-facings, are still in good preservation. Every precaution is being taken to protect them from the hand of vandalism.

But we could only glance at the fine sculptures, old armor, and the paraphernalia of bygone days as we hurried on from one part of the castle to another. We looked into the kitchen to see the great fire-place, where it was customary to roast a whole ox at one time; and the mammoth kneading tray, where a barrel of flour was nimbly made into dough at a single mixing.

Crossing the courtyard, we went down under the old chapel into the cellar. Here lies the far-famed "big tun" which Karl Theodor caused the court-cooper to build in 1751, after all its predecessors had been demolished by the wars. This tun is thirty-six feet long, twenty-four feet high, and is capable of holding over fifty thousand gallons of wine. It was formerly encircled by eighteen wooden hoops and eighteen iron ones, but several of the latter are missing. This immense cask was filled for the first time on the tenth of November, 1752, and twice afterward, but since the last destructive fire at the castle it has remained empty and unused. Lying before it is a small cask remarkable for its construction, being held together

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without the aid of hoops. The comparison in size is obvious.

Nearby, in this same cellar, is an image of the dwarf Clemens Perkeo, the courtfool of Karl Philipp, who, according to tradition, drank daily from fifteen to eighteen bottles of strong wine!

On a wall beside the image of the courtfool is an innocent-looking old clock. The lady who was showing us through this part of the castle, said very sweetly: "You can see just how it works by pulling the string beneath it." I pulled the string. The door flew open and out jumped a red fox-tail, fraught with the dust of ages, and switched me full in the face! Of course, everybody laughed at my expense. Historians, however, must do some exploring, and the joke would have remained unseen and therefore unenjoyed had I lacked the courage to "pull the string."

We proceeded to the Knight's Hall, where, in the palmy days of the castle, banquets were served, and the ceremonies of conferring knighthood took place. Our attention was attracted to the remains of a stone chimney-piece, covered with remarkable bits of sculpture, among them the arms of the Palatinate and of Denmark, supported by two lions. Above the arms of the Palatinate are the busts of Emperor Charles V and his wife, Isabella of Portugal. Above the Danish arms are the busts of Christian II of Denmark and his consort Isabella, sister of Charles V.

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Under the Danish arms a still legible inscription refers to the marriage of Frederick II with Dorothea, daughter of Christian II.

We finally climbed a worn and winding flight of sixty-odd stone steps to the top of a wing of the old castle, where we posed for Mrs. Pepler to photograph us. But it was misting rain and the picture did not prove a success.

The view from this vantage point was enchanting. We beheld the "Garden of Germany," with the lordly Rhine rolling proudly along off in the west. We could see the fertile plains screened in by the foothills of the Haardt Mountains, and right below us stretched the beautiful valley of the Neckar River.

At one time the castle was surrounded by a moat with draw-bridges. Such protection was necessary in those strenuous feudal days, when life itself seemed but a brutal struggle for conquest, and for the blood-stained spoils of victory!

Heidelberg is justly celebrated, today, for its splendid university, founded in 1356 by The Elector Ruprecht I. This great educational institution has, however, come up through great tribulations. The fortunes of the university fluctuated in accordance with the fortunes, or rather the misfortunes, of war. At one time it was so impoverished it could not pay its professors. But, under the wise and liberal policy of Karl Frederick, a better day

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dawned for the institution. In fact, this magnanimous prince gave it new life. He called in new teachers, increased scientific collections, added new equipment and increased the salaries of the teachers.

In grateful commemoration of these two friends and founders of the university, it is now called the "Ruperto-Carola." It celebrated its five hundredth jubilee in 1886.

The university faculty comprises many eminent scholars in theology, law, medicine, and philosophy. It has in the neighborhood of two thousand professors and lecturers. Thousands of students are in attendance, a large proportion of whom are English and American.

Our stay was all too short in this historic and delightful old city. But we utilized every moment and, late in the afternoon, took reluctant leave of it, going direct to Mayence.

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BOOK NUMBER TWELVE

A Day on the Rhine

THE distance is not great between Heidelberg and Mayence, and, though the day was far spent when we reached the latter point, there was still time to enjoy a brief glimpse of the interesting old town.

One of the most fascinating features of many European cities is their very age. They seem to link one in a real, tangible way with the peoples, customs and traditions of a long-gone past.

Mayence, or Mainz, according to German spelling, is charmingly situated in the heart of a great wine-growing district on a sunny slope of the Rhine, near the junction of the Main.

While to the tourist the place indicates chiefly prosperous commercial activity and peaceful industry, it is, in fact, the most strongly fortified city in the German Empire. For nearly half a century it constituted, in accordance with a decree of the Vienna Congress, a German federal stronghold, garrisoned in common by Austrian, Prussian and Hessian troops. Later it became a Prussian fortress. In 1870, by treaty at Versailles, Mayence was declared an imperial fortress.

The cathedrals of the various cities we visited

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proved veritable lode-stones to some of the members of our party, and, in this particular, Mayence possesses a notable attraction. The great cathedral here, which seems to have been a storm-center during the history-making epochs of the city, stands a hoary witness to the flight of years.

This memorable old building, begun in 978, has been destroyed six times by wars and by fires. It was last restored by Napoleon. Today, from a group of lesser turrets and spires, it rears aloft its main tower four hundred feet skyward, all unmindful of the dramas and tragedies the slow-moving centuries have played about it.

From the imposing main porch we passed through the splendid bronze doors which date from a thousand years ago. The interior, with its noble vaultings supported by half a hundred pillars, is most impressive.

There are many tombs and statues belonging to bygone years, but the most interesting object the cathedral contains, for a body of American women at least, is Schwanthaler's Frauenlob—an exquisite marble monument erected to the memory of the minnesinger Heinrich von Meissen.

The statue is associated with such a charming legend, embodying such gracious sentiment, that it appeals to all womankind. Briefly, the legend runs something as follows:

The priest—or canon some say—Heinrich von Meissen, away back in the early days of Mayence,

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was not only a very worthy man, but a wonderfully gifted singer. In addition to devoting himself to science, he wrote many pious verses which he dedicated to the Holy Virgin. Evidently, he made her his standard of womanhood, and thus he idealized women in many beautiful songs written in their honor, and which he sang with heavenly voice to his harp, whose strings he swept with touch divine.

Woman was, indeed, his supreme inspiration. His exalted conception of her revealed his purity of thought, his poetic temperament, his wonderful genius.

On account of the chivalric spirit expressed in his songs to the gentler sex, posterity gave him the name of "Frauenlob," by which he is better known today than by his own—Heinrich von Meissen.

Of course, women have been women in all times and in all countries, and have always been responsive to admiration and love, especially to an unselfed, uplifting devotion. Therefore, when the good poet-priest passed away, the women of Mayence, of one accord, determined to honor him as no poet had ever been honored before. It was a wonderful funeral cortege that moved slowly through the streets of the old city—an army of women, in deep mourning, praying for the repose of the lamented poet's soul. Eight of the most beautiful among them carried the casket, which was literally covered with a pall of fragrant blossoms. The legend further relates the very unusual

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ceremonies of interment at the cathedral, but declares that the most precious tribute of all was the tears shed that day "by many a gentle lady."

The statue commemorating him in the old cathedral shows the figure of a beautiful woman in pure white marble. She is placing a wreath of immortelles on the sarcophagus of the gifted singer who sang his sweetest songs in honor and appreciation of women.

Numerous Roman remains attest the great antiquity of this busy and prosperous city, situated amid fruitful vineyards on the sloping banks of the Rhine.

After a restful night and a good breakfast in one of the best hotels of Mayence, we entered a train for a short run down to the docks. As we left our car we could see the beautiful steamer, Kaiserine Augusta Louise, poised like a giant white swan on the pulsing bosom of the river.

Soon our happy-hearted party were aboard, about to enjoy the pleasure we had each looked forward to with fond anticipation—a sail on the Rhine.

Although it was the last day of June, the air was crisp and cool, making our steamer coats quite comfortable. Fleecy clouds, coquetting with the sunshine, suggested possible rain. But a smart canvas awning arching over the entire forward deck protected us, alike, from summer showers and the too ardent kiss of the summer sun. In fact, the whole ship, so thoroughly equipped and so

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courteously officered, showed the thoughtful consideration given to the comfort and well-being of its passengers.

The Rhine! There is magic in the very words. No other river in the world is so rich in history, so permeated with legendary lore! From the time it leaps from its icy cradle, in the frozen heart of Saint Gothard, until it glides with majestic sweep into the Zuider Zee, it traverses a dream-haunted territory.

The most scenic and historic reaches of the Rhine lie between Mayence and Cologne—the voyage we were making. With descriptive maps, marine glasses and Legends of the Rhine in hand, we were on the alert for the many points of special interest.

How utterly impossible to give anything like a graphic pen-picture of the Rhine! The river itself is wonderfully attractive, with its picturesque craft —its excursion steamers, its pleasure boats, its long flat freighters, so different from the barges seen on our own rivers. The shores are lined with famous old castles, all of them interwoven with some fascinating story. Who, indeed, has not read and dreamed of the castles on the Rhine, and who has not longed to behold them? They are not castles in the air, nor visionary castles in Spain, for they show in their splendid ruins how very real, tangible and formidable they must have been in their palmy days.

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These castles are seen at almost every bend of this winding old river. Perched upon the steep cliff-sides, protected by frowning buttresses and invincible ramparts; surrounded by thick walls and deep moats; provided with secret subterranean passage-ways, the robber barons who occupied these strongly-garrisoned fortresses were indeed lords of all they surveyed. They levied toll on each passing boat and caravan, and practically owned the serfs who tended their vineyards and pressed out their wines.

It was a crude age—gorgeous, barbarous, sensuous! Profligate to an extreme, drinking and carousing were the chief pastimes of these erstwhile castle-dwellers. Today the rosy glamour of romance hangs bewitchingly over it all!

One can fancy wandering minstrels and gay troubadours singing their tuneful ballads before the blazing logs in the castle halls, captives, perchance, to bright eyes and womanly graces; and can picture armoured knights in coats of mail gallantly undertaking perilous ventures to win by valor and daring the coveted smiles of their lady-loves.

It is, in fact, the poetic atmosphere, the legendary charm, the crumbling evidences of a romantic past that make the Rhine so intensely interesting.

Characteristic German thrift crowns the river shores from Mayence to Cologne. Villages, hamlets, and good-sized towns nestle snugly in between the river's margin and the somewhat precipitous

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bluffs. From the water's edge to the crest of the steepest slopes, climb terrace above terrace of well-kept vineyards. These vineyards are striking object-lessons in conservation. So steep are these mountainous river banks in some places that every rod or so a stone wall has been built to conserve the soil and to make it possible to utilize every available foot of ground.

A sail on the Rhine in a finely-appointed steamer, with every material wish anticipated and provided for; an ever-shifting panorama of Nature's pictures spread alluringly before one, accentuated by the glory of June-time weather, would of itself be a pleasure worth while. But, in addition, the majestic old river fairly bristles with song and story and, almost unconsciously, one surrenders, a willing captive, to its subtle spell.

Of course, each one of us was on the lookout for Bingen. There is magic in the name. It transports us back to our school-days; to the memory-land of childhood. We can still recall the little thrills and heart-throbs of tenderness it used to awaken in us as we, with tearful voice, tried to read the pathetic story of a soldier of the legion who lay a-dying in Algiers; the burden of whose refrain declared he "was born in Bingen, fair Bingen on the Rhine."

Little did we dream in those childish days that we should ever see Bingen, the spot for which the dying soldier yearned. But to the fancy of young

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girlhood, to die for one's country and to be immortalized in song was the very acme of patriotism and glory!

Truly, it is a far cry from the romance of youth to the brutal realities of modern war!

To Bingen belongs the legend of the "Mouse Tower." This weird story, condensed, runs mainly as follows:

Nearly a thousand years ago Hatto, Bishop of Mainz, grew weary of the complaints of the people. Their harvest having been destroyed by the rains, they begged that the bishop would succor them from his own well-filled storehouses. Day after day they besieged and beset him with piteous tales of distress and starvation. Finally, Hatto told them to gather in a great barn nearby, and he would quiet their demands. Joyfully the people assembled at the place appointed, expecting, of course, a distribution of grain to relieve their sufferings. But, instead, the heartless bishop locked them in and set fire to the structure, telling them they should "perish like rats!"

The bishop returned to his palace well satisfied with his evil work. In a short time his servants came rushing in and said an army of hungry rats were coming! Pricked by a guilty conscience, Hatto mounted a horse and fled to the Rhine. Abandoning the animal, which was immediately devoured by rats, he jumped into a skiff and hastily rowed to his tower in the river, hoping to escape

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the ferocious rodents. But they swam the shallows and began to gnaw holes in the bishop's refuge and, soon gaining entrance, the bishop and every living thing became a prey to their ravenous appetites.

The tower has been demolished and rebuilt and is now used as a signal station, and for commercial purposes. But the legend still clings to it. To this day at sunset a peculiar fiery glow rests directly over the tower. This roseate reflection, the peasants of Bingen and vicinity believe, is from the everlasting fires which will forever and forever torment Hatto, the cruel bishop of Mainz.

Bingen is situated at the confluence of the Rhine and the Nahe rivers. Just opposite and crowning the Niederwald, stands the German National Monument, which, on account of its own height and its commanding position, is easily seen afar off. This magnificent statue is surrounded by vineyards, which look like vast mosaics wrought out in schemes of gray and green.

Upon a monumental pedestal seventy-eight feet high and adorned with beautiful statuary, rises the superb figure of Germania, thirty-three feet high, holding aloft the imperial crown of Germany.

At the foot of the Niederwald lie, not far apart, the towns of Assmannshausen and Rüdesheim.

These towns, in the center of the most extensive and productive wine-growing districts, are practically supported by the wine industry. Their famous hostelries, which have long been the ren-

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dezvous for artists, musicians and German literati, are conducted in the wine interests.

As I looked out over the endless stretches of thrifty-looking vineyards, I found myself humming "The Rhine Maidens," an old song associated with my college days.

The peasant maidens of this old duet, relate in melodious rhyme the idyllic joys of vintage-time as they jubilantly sing:

"We will seek the sunny Rhine,
Where the rich and purple vine,
Is bending with its clusters full and fair."

Their autumnal pastorale, however, ends with this rather doleful picture:

"But when vintage is got in,
We must sit at home and spin;
And many is the maiden that will find,
That she never can restore
All the joy she knew before,
Nor the heart she left in vintage time behind."

Many legends of the Rhine had their inception in close proximity to these old towns at the foot of the Niederwald. Most of them are variations woven about a theme of wine. The following legend of Johannisberg is typical:

Wherever the German tongue is heard, and even further still, the king of all Rhine wines, "Johannisberger," is known and sought after. Every friend

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of the grape is well acquainted with it, but few, perhaps, know of its princely origin. It is princely, not because princes' hands once kept the key of Johannisberg, but rather because princely hands planted the vine in the Rhine country. This royal giver was none other than Charlemange, the powerful ruler of the kingdom of the Franks.

Once in early spring Charles the Great was standing on the balcony of his castle at Ingelheim, his eyes straying over the beautiful stretch of country at his feet. Snow had fallen during the night and the hills of Rüdesheim were clothed in white. As the imperial ruler was looking thoughtfully over the landscape, he noticed that the snow on the other side of Johannisberg melted quicker in the sun's rays than on any other point.

Charles, who was a great and deep thinker, began to reflect that on a spot where the sun shone so genially, something better than grass would grow.

Sending for Kunrat, his faithful servant, he bade him saddle his horse the next day at dawn and ride to Orleans, a town famous for its good wine. He was to inform the citizens that the emperor had not forgotten the excellent wine they had given him there, and that he would like to grow the same vines on the Rhine. He desired the citizens of Orleans, therefore, to send him plants from their country.

The messenger set off to do the king's bidding and, ere the moon had again circled round the earth,

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was back in the castle at Ingelheim. Great satisfaction prevailed at court. Charles, mighty ruler as he was, even went so far as to cross to Rüdesheim, where he planted with his own royal hands the French vine into German soil.

This was no mere passing whim on the part of the emperor. He sent messengers constantly to bring word as to how the vines were thriving in Rüdesheim, on the flanks of Johannisberg. When the third autumn had come round, Emperor Charlemange set out from his favorite resort, Aix-la-Chapelle, for the Rhine country. Great rejoicing prevailed among the vine-reapers from Rüdesheim to Johannisberg.

The first cup of wine was solemnly offered to the emperor—a golden wine in a golden cup, a wine worthy of a king.

Charles took a long, deep draught and, with brightened eyes, praised the delicious drink. It became his favorite wine, this fiery "Johannisberger," making him young again in his old age.

The legend weaves another wonderful tale about the same great emperor blessing his grapes. A poet's pen has fashioned it into song, which is still often heard among the grape-gatherers.

Every spring when the vines are blossoming on the hills and in the valley along the river, scenting the air with their fragrance, a tall shadow wanders at night about the vineyards. A purple mantle

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hangs from his stately shoulders, and a crown is on his head. It is Charlemange, the great emperor, who planted the grapes long years ago. The luscious scent of the blossoms wakens him in his tomb in Aix-la-Chapelle, and he comes forth to bless the grapes.

When the full moon casts her gentle beams on the water, the emperor may be seen crossing the golden bridge formed by her rays and, then wandering further along the hills, blessing the vines on the other side of the river.

At the first crow of the cock he returns to his grave in Aix-la-Chapelle. Here he sleeps till the scent of the grapes awakens him next spring, when he again wanders through the countries along the Rhine, blessing the vineyards.

Another delightful little story is told of the monks who lived at Johannisberg:

Once the high Abbot of Fulda came unexpectedly to visit the cloister Johannisberg just about the time the grapes were ripe. The worthy abbot made many inquiries about his people, showed himself highly pleased with the works of the industrious monks, and, as a mark of his continued favor, he invited all the inmates of the cloister to a drinking-bout.

"Wine maketh the heart glad." Thus quoting King David's significant words, the holy man began his speech:

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"God's loving hand will be gracious in future years to your vines. Let us profit by His grace, brothers, and drink what He has provided for us in moderation and reverence. But before we refresh ourselves with God's good gifts, take your breviaries and let us begin with a short prayer."

"Breviaries!" was whispered along the rows, and the eyes of the fat, genial monks blinked in helpless embarrassment.

"Yes, your breviaries," and the white-haired abbot looked silently but sternly at the brothers.

They searched and searched.

Gradually the frown disappeared from the abbot's face, and a smile slowly spread over his withered features.

"Well, never mind, let us drink," said he.

Then feeling his pockets, he said, with a twinkle in his eyes: "That's too bad! I ought to have brought a corkscrew with me when I came to the Rhine."

"A corkscrew!" Every monk dived his hand into his pockets and as many corkscrews were produced before the worthy abbot as there were brothers present.

Then a gleam of merriment beamed in the abbot's eyes.

"Bravo, ye pious monks! What a plentiful supply of corkscrews! Do not all look so embarrassed; we shall not be annoyed about it today, but—tomorrow! Now we shall sing with King David, 'Wine

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maketh the heart glad.' " And the uncorked bottles went the rounds.

The most intensely interesting part of the Rhine lies between Bingen and Bonn. At St. Goar there is a sharp curve and the river narrows and deepens. Here rises the towering, rugged cliff, The Lorelei, famed by tradition and immortalized by Heine in song.

So near did we approach this cliff in rounding it that several of the ambassadors, with ever-ready cameras, had no trouble in recording it on their films.

We had been eagerly alert about The Lorelei. It, too, has its alluring legend, which I will briefly relate. I will refrain from giving others, although the river is literally bordered with them.

The famous Loreleiberg, according to the story, was so named from the maiden whose history is linked with its weird tale of love, superstition and magic.

In a castle in this neighborhood, in the eleventh century, there lived a beautiful maiden, with innumerable suitors. The one whom she favored above all others resolved to prove himself worthy of his lady before making her his wife. He started off for "the wars," to win renown through his skill and bravery. Months passed, and still the knight failed to return to claim his bride. Suitors continued to present themselves before Lorelei, to the

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neglect of other maidens, but she was true to her absent knight, and refused them all.

Then the story spread abroad that Lorelei's was no natural beauty; that it was with magic that she won the hearts of men. Appearing before the ecclesiastical court to be tried for witchcraft, she was acquitted, but told that she must enter a convent for life. Lorelei went to her favorite rock before forsaking the world, to have one more look at the scenes of her childhood, when, behold! on the prow of a vessel being laboriously propelled up the rapid river, stood her true knight. In very joy she stretched forth her hands. But in her eagerness she reached too far, lost her balance and fell into the seething waters. Just at that instant the boat which had been slowing making its toilsome way against the turgid stream, was dashed upon a submerged rock and went to pieces! When the river gave up its dead, lover and maiden were found clasped in each other's arms.

On moonlight nights, when the bells on a distant tower chime out the hour of twelve, the legend declares that venturesome boatmen still see this tragedy repeated in the swirling waters that sweep around The Lorelei.

These are only a few of the hundreds of legends enshrining the Rhine.

Feasts of the imagination, however, are not the only feasts enjoyed on a Rhine steamer. Legends, it is true, feed the poetic instinct and intoxicate the

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poetic fancy. But there is still much that is material in our makeup. We were quite ready, therefore, to leave the mount of vision, go down into the dining-room, and partake of the wonderfully good dinner prepared for us. One long table was devoted exclusively to our party and, in courtesy to us, it was graced with the American colors, placed side by side with those of Germany.

What a glorious day it was! The clouds of the morning had passed away, and all about us brooded the witching magic of June.

There was music and feasting and plenty of good cheer. The Germans are a sociable people. They seemed to be eating and drinking most of the time. The absence of reserve between the men and the women in their wholesome pleasure and goodfellowship was quite noticeable.

There is always an air of *sans souci* about a steamer that one finds nowhere else—a spirit of Bohemianism which appeals to us all.

Nothing was left undone that could, in any way, add to our comfort. The whole trip was a delight; a red-letter experience which we have tucked away with our never-to-be-forgotten memories.

No one can adequately picture the Rhine. Its most impelling charm cannot be caught with the camera nor captured with the pen. There is about it an atmosphere of idealism, a spirit of roman-

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ticism, intangible as the whisper of a zephyr, elusive as the breath of a flower.

Many modern private villas, and prosperous-looking municipalities, line both shores of the river near Cologne, which place we reached late in the afternoon, after an all-day joy-ride on the Rhine.

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BOOK NUMBER THIRTEEN

Through Winding Ways of Old Cologne

AS we landed at Cologne, we were attracted by the splendid monument of Frederic William III, which from a commanding position overlooks the Rhine. We noted, too, the fine bridges spanning the river at this point; also the pontoon bridge connecting Cologne with the town of Deutz, on the opposite shore.

Soon we were settled in one of the best and most conveniently-located hotels in the city.

Although no official sight-seeing had been planned in our itinerary at this place, no sooner had we read our letters from home than we were "doing" Cologne according to individual fancy.

Wishing to pick up a few souvenirs and novelties, we wandered along the quaint and crooked old streets, which are so narrow in places that one can walk in the middle of them and do window-shopping on both sides at the same time. They wind around in the most unconventional way, seemingly without regard to any system or plan, or to the ease with which a stranger within the gates may lose his way. But high above everything else tower the

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spires of the great Cathedral of Cologne, from which one may always get one's bearings.

We were now in the home of the genuine Eau de Cologne. Few feminine tourists leave without a large bottle of it stored away amongst their belongings.

The shop windows are not always a safe index to what the shop may contain. For instance, I desired to purchase a cake of toilet soap—as the hotels of Europe do not always supply that luxurious necessity. Seeing the kind I wanted in what I supposed to be a drug store, I stepped blithely inside to find myself in a barber shop, where several tonsorial artists were busy with their razors and brushes in the demonstration of their profession. The incident, however, did not seem to embarrass anyone except myself. I explained my mistake; also got the soap.

Cologne is one of the most important commercial centers of Germany; and, with its several incorporated suburbs, has a population of more than half a million people. As its name indicates, it was a Roman settlement. In the year A. D. 50, a colony was planted here by Agrippina, wife of the Emperor Claudius and mother of Nero. She is named as the foundress of the city—Colonia Agrippina.

From medieval times up to the present, Cologne has always been a place of considerable importance. Today it is a charming combination of the old and the new.

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Facing the Rhine, the old part of the city clusters about the cathedral and other old churches; the municipal and business buildings, and is encircled by the Ring, indicating the line of old fortifications and gateways of the city. Beyond this ring, like a mammoth horseshoe, curves the modern portion. Within this outer circle lie the various parks and pleasure-grounds, the zoological gardens, and the choice residential districts, together with many beautiful monuments and groups of statuary. Near the end of the ring, overlooking the Rhine, are some of the fine hotels, which cater to the one million tourists and foreigners who annually visit Cologne.

Here, as in other cities we visited, the cathedral overshadows the minor places of interest.

Personally, the more I see of these great edifices, and the more I consider them, the more wonderful they seem to me. In fact, they grow on one. They do not represent merely the work of a lifetime, but the labor of generations, the toil of centuries! They are chronicles in stone, architecture, and art, recording the religious thought and ideals of their time; mute monuments to the soul's unceasing search after Truth. But reared, as most of them have been, amid the din and turmoil of wars; the insistent clamor for conquest; the ceaseless struggle for place and power, and the subtle webs of political intrigue, who, in such a Babel of confusion, could hear or discern the "still small voice" wherein God dwells?

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I have looked somewhat into the history of the Cologne Cathedral, and something of what I have gleaned concerning it may prove interesting, as well as suggestive of the many vicissitudes through which practically all of these magnificent structures have passed ere reaching their beauteous, finished perfection.

The Cathedral of Cologne dates back to the time of Hildebold, Bishop of the Cologne Diocese, who, in the beginning of the ninth century, determined to build a church worthy of the dignity of the archbishopric.

This church, occupying the site of the present cathedral, was completed under Willibert in 873. A few years later it shared the fate of most other churches along the lower Rhine, in being destroyed by the Normans. Willibert lived to see Hildebold's edifice rebuilt, and was buried within its walls. His successors endeavored to enhance the splendor of the cathedral by interior decorations, and by the introduction of important relics, amongst them the reliquary of the Magi, also to enlarge the exterior. After narrowly escaping destruction twice by fire, it was at last completely destroyed in a great conflagration which swept that part of the city.

This catastrophe made the building of a new cathedral necessary.

The reigning archbishop, Engelbert, on whom the task of rebuilding had fallen, was murdered in

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1225, and his idea was taken up by his successor, Conrad von Hochstaden.

On the fifteenth of August, 1248, the foundation stone of the present cathedral was laid on the site of the old one. Rapid progress in building was impossible, from the fact that the archbishops were, it is said, constantly at war with their subjects.

Not until 1322 could the new choir be consecrated, and the reliquary of the Magi be transferred to the new church—which sacred ceremony took place on the twenty-seventh of September of that same year.

The pope himself granted great privileges and gifts to the cathedral, and means were raised for proceeding with the building. The times, however, were not favorable to the advancement of art. The spirit of the people, especially that of the nobles, was entirely diverted from all sentiment of the sublime and beautiful. The faithful and liberal piety of former days was lost amid the licentiousness of the times. History relates that a decree issued by the archbishop, urging the people to give freely, was disregarded and abused by the clergy as well as the laity, to the benefit of their own pockets.

It was well, as least, that the choir was completed. It was owing to this fact, and to the devotion of those who had retained the love of art and religion, and who rejoiced to see the wonderful grandeur as the structure progressed, that the

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work did not cease altogether after the death of Conrad.

The building rose slowly, through many drawbacks, as the centuries progressed.

But the saddest time in the history of the cathedral occurred when the soldiers of the French Republic entered the city. It was only by the greatest exertions of some of the art-loving citizens that the church, in which divine service was no longer held, was preserved from total disaster. But in spite of all their endeavors, they could not prevent the destruction of many valuable antiquities, and the melting of the bronze tombs of the archbishops. The cathedral was used for the storing of provisions by the French; and later, prisoners of war were kept there, who burned benches, pulpits and other combustible materials. It is said that a certain French bishop, Berdolet von Aachen, urged Napoleon to demolish the entire structure.

A brighter day, however, dawned for the splendid edifice, as well as for Germany as a whole. Art and science, which had been disturbed by new and inferior ideas, returned to their former high standard, and the men who had the building of the cathedral at heart, received funds and assistance from all sources, high and low. The financial embarrassment of the municipal treasury, produced by the wars, did not permit the town of granting the money considered necessary by the commission.

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Most auspicious for the advancement of the building scheme was the visit of the then crown prince, later King of Prussia, Frederic William IV. By the influence of the crown prince, Frederic William III sent, in 1819, a celebrated architect from Berlin to make a thorough investigation of the edifice, which resulted in a revision of the plans, and the building went bravely on at the expense of the state.

Later the superintendence passed into the hands of Zwirner, through whose great energy and enthusiasm the work progressed rapidly, and through whose intercession Frederic William IV contributed large sums. His majesty also granted the charter for a cathedral building committee, the purpose of which was to collect funds and in every way to further the completion of the building as speedily as possible.

On the fourth of September, 1842, the foundation stone of the extended cathedral was solemnly consecrated by the Coadjutor-Archbishop John von Geissel, in the presence of their majesties, the king and queen, together with many princes, bishops, and noblemen. On this momentous occasion His Majesty Frederic William IV addressed the congregation as follows:

"Here, where this stone is being laid, neighbored by yonder towers, the finest portals in the world shall arise. Germany is erecting them, and may they, by the grace of God, be the portals through

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which Germany shall enter upon a new, grand, and good time. The spirit which builds these gates is the same that nine and twenty years ago broke our fetters, prevented our country from being disgraced, and this river's bank from becoming foreign soil. And may this grand work proclaim to generations yet unborn a Germany which, owing to the unity of its princes and its people, is great and powerful, and which bloodlessly compels peace among the nations of the world!"

Henceforward, with the assistance of the building committee, great activity prevailed and its progress was observed with much joy. Finally, in 1863, after centuries of labor, the noble edifice with the exception of the north and south tower, might be considered practically finished. Accordingly, on the fifteenth of October, which was the birthday of King Frederic William IV, it was with great pomp consecrated to divine service by Archbishop John von Geissel.

King William I took the same deep interest as his late brother in affairs relating to the cathedral

Work on the towers continued without ceasing On the fifteenth of October, 1880, the Emperor William I, surrounded by the whole royal family, most of the sovereign princes of Germany, noblemen and officers of the empire, laid the copestone of this magnificent structure. Thus this sublime monument of Gothic architecture was completed!

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The German nation may well look up with pride to a work which so magnificently proclaims the industry, art, grandeur, and unity of Germany.

It would require a volume to give anything like a complete survey of the interior of the Cathedral of Cologne. I shall not undertake it. I have only gone into the above detail because I have been so deeply impressed with what it has meant to build the wonderful cathedrals of Europe. During the time intervening between laying the foundation-stone and the cope-stone of these stupendous structures, generation after generation passes away; king after king lays down his scepter and another takes it up; builder after builder leaves his plans for another to carry forward; bishop after bishop gives his place in the diocese to his successor. And when, at last, the superb temple of art, beauty and religion stands forth in its exquisite perfection, all of its old friends have joined "the silent caravan of those gone on before." But what of it? They have left their messages in stone, in marble, in bronze, in sculpture, in mosaics, in art—a voiceless plea for the beautiful, a ceaseless inspiration toward higher and purer ideals!

Our stay was brief in Cologne and our sight-seeing quite informal. On the morning following our arrival, I, in company with Miss Bernhard, Ambassador from Pennsylvania, started out at nine o'clock to visit the cathedral. We found as we entered that holy high mass was being read in full

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state. We seated ourselves in one of the vacant pews, and so intensely impressive was the ceremony that we remained seated until its close, listening to the solemn service and being refreshed by the inspiring bursts of music which rolled forth in occasional peals from the great organ.

When the service was ended we strolled leisurely through the building, viewing the different chapels and altars, the lofty vaultings which make one almost dizzy, and admiring the gorgeous windows. My companion, with blood of crusaders coursing in her veins, was ever on the alert to find some memorial in honor of her ancestors in these wonderful cathedral windows.

The whole interior is most impressive in its majestic and awesome beauty.

The treasury chamber contains many sacred relics. I must say that while these appeal in a way to human curiosity, they do not appeal strongly to American credulity nor to liberated religious thought. From my own viewpoint, the superstitious beliefs of the Middle Ages have no legitimate place in the enlightened knowledge and spiritual understanding of the twentieth century. I believe, and I say it sincerely, in charity, in reverence, and with only the kindliest feelings toward all humanity, that it would be the greatest possible step forward and upward if all the people could be freed from the bondage of belief in the supernatural power of dead saints; the miraculous power of

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sacred relics, and would let the living King of Glory come into their churches, their hearts and their lives! Men and women are seeking the light. Why keep them in darkness? They are hungering for Truth; for that illumined understanding which reveals men and women, not as miserable worms of the dust, but as the sons and daughters of God!

The Shrine of the Magi is of pure gold, richly adorned, and wrought in the highest skill of the goldsmith's art. It is a perfect model of a Roman basilica and is said to contain the bones of the Three Wise Men of the East, who were led by the Star of Bethlehem to the manger cradle of our Lord! These relics were bestowed by Frederic the Red-Bearded, after they were taken from Milan.

One legend about the relics of the Magi runs as follows:

The relics were, until 1164, in a nun's convent at Milan. The brother of the abbess of this convent, who was burgomaster, had incurred the displeasure of the emperor, then besieging the town, and the latter had sworn to kill him. The Cologne archbishop, Reinold von Dassel, promised the abbess to save her brother, if she would give him the relics of the Three Holy Kings. After the surrender of the town, Reinold made the emperor promise to give the abbess whatever she could carry out of the town on her shoulders. She carried out her brother. Reinold received the reliquary, which was brought to Cologne and deposited with much

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solemnity in the cathedral. In honor of this great event, the magistrates of Cologne adopted the three crowns as the upper part of their crest. In 1337 it was finally placed in its present position, after having for many years been left in an obscure place. During the French revolution the relics were taken to Frankfort-on-the-Main, from where they were brought back the eleventh of January, 1804.

The body of the Cologne Cathedral measures five hundred feet in length, two hundred and thirty feet in breadth, and the towers are five hundred feet high.

Within the past century the sum of five million dollars has been expended on the building. The total cost of the whole structure is estimated at ten million dollars.

As we were about to leave the cathedral, we inquired the way to the Church of Saint Ursula, and were most courteously directed by the official who had been showing us around, he even coming outside to point out the way, that we might not get lost.

This old church is noted as the place where are preserved the bones of the eleven thousand virgins, companions of Saint Ursula, who, according to tradition, were slaughtered at Cologne by the Huns because they refused to break their vows of chastity. In the "Golden Chamber" are the coffin of the saint, and the skulls of a few of her maidens encased in silver.

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Other churches were well worth a visit, but the morning was far spent and we hastened back to the hotel.

On our way there we came upon the quaintest of market places. Men, women and children were squatting about on the ground with all kinds of fruits, vegetables and other edibles for sale. The *ensemble,* however, did not look tempting nor appetizing.

In the meantime, some of our party had gone carriage-riding; some street-car riding, while others had joined a morning tallyho party. But the noon hour found us at luncheon, soon after which we held an informal meeting to decide a question which had arisen unexpectedly. Again our baggage was made ready and we were soon off for Amsterdam, after a brief but most comprehensive glimpse of Cologne, Queen City of the German Rhine.

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BOOK NUMBER FOURTEEN

The Land of Windmills and Wooden Shoes

WE had all looked forward with intense interest to our visit to Holland—the land of windmills and wooden shoes—hence were delighted when the late afternoon of Tuesday, July first, found us in the city of Amsterdam.

Scarcely had we reached our hotel when we received a call from the special representative of the American Consul at this place. The consul sent his regrets that, owing to the serious illness of his wife, with whom he was just leaving for Paris where she would submit to a surgical operation, he was unable to call in person, as he otherwise would have done. He presented his compliments and good wishes, assuring us of his hearty sympathy with the purpose of our mission abroad. He expressed the belief that our visit was most timely and would do much to further the movement toward international peace.

It was not long before dinner was announced. When we entered the dining-room, we were pleasantly surprised to see, on our long table, not only the colors of the United States, but also a gorgeous centerpiece of white lilies and purple hyacinths in honor of the Woman's Republic.

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The Dutch mind is supposed to move slowly in its deliberations; but the proprietor, seeing us all wearing badges of purple and white, knew it meant something, so he simply put two and two together with charming result.

As the evening twilight in these far northern countries lasts until nine or ten o'clock, we had ample time to see something of the town before retiring for the night. Wednesday morning the carriages were at the door early to take us for a sight-seeing spin around the city.

Amsterdam, the metropolis of the Netherlands, lies alongside an arm of the Zuider Zee. It has a population of six hundred thousand and is the commercial capital of Holland. The city is divided by the Amstel and numerous canals into small islands, which are connected by hundreds of bridges. Amsterdam, with its network of waterways, reminds one somewhat of Venice. But the style of architecture and the national "atmosphere" are entirely different. One is decidedly Italian, the other decidedly Dutch.

In Amsterdam, as in Venice, the houses are all built on piles, as the ground is altogether too sandy and unstable to support them without such reinforcement. The Royal Palace—the former Stadhuis converted into a palace for King Louis Bonaparte—rests upon fourteen thousand of these piles driven deep down into the soft earth. This beautiful palace, while it is still retained by the reigning House

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of Holland, is occupied just one week each year by the present royal family, though it contains apartments of great splendor.

A fine birdseye view of the town and its surroundings is gained from the high bridge over the Amstel. From this elevation the city seems to spread out like a mammoth crescent, its many islands intersected by long, sleepy-looking canals. These canals are narrow and shallow and are only navigable for small craft. The larger ships and sea-going vessels all drop anchor in the beautiful roadstead facing the city. Out beyond the municipal environs stretch fair, green meadows and broad pasture-lands. Everywhere the landscape is dotted with picturesque windmills, which furnish the motive power for the grinding of corn and the sawing of wood.

The drive along the somewhat narrow but well-kept thoroughfares of this ancient-modern city was most interesting and pleasing. Amsterdam, like many of the Old World cities, was at one time strongly fortified, and also like them, the old fortifications and ramparts have been leveled, and the spaces once occupied by grim-looking walls of defense have been transformed into fine boulevards, beautiful promenades, parks, gardens, and attractive home-sites, all of which are eloquent tributes to the progress and upward trend of the human race.

At the present time Amsterdam's only defense consists in the sluices several miles away, by which the surrounding land can be flooded in a few hours.

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It seems almost paradoxical when we realize that Holland, which has been practically reclaimed from the sea, must ever protect herself from its encroachments, and yet the sea, in turn, is her great and only protection!

One of the first places of interest we visited was a large diamond-cutting establishment. Here we saw this work in all stages of progress, from the crude stone in its native dullness, to the finished gem in all its prismic splendor and beauty.

The cutting and polishing of precious stones is one of the chief industries of Amsterdam. There are several large establishments, employing a great number of workers, the one we visited being the most important.

Our drive included the beautiful Vondel Park, containing a fine statue of Joost van den Vondel, who is considered the greatest Dutch poet, and from whom it is believed that Milton received suggestions for his "Paradise Lost."

Near this park is the Ryks Museum, the largest in Holland, and one of the most interesting we visited anywhere. It is, one might say, a condensed illustrated history of the Netherlands. On the ground floor are assembled some wonderful exhibits of industrial art: naval, colonial and military collections; old Dutch rooms with quaint, old-time furniture; splendid groups of Delft wares, Dutch toys and many other unique things.

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But what appealed to us most was the wonderful collection of Dutch national costumes, dating from the thirteenth century, showing the evolution of dress up to the present time. Some of the early-day costumes in all their primitiveness, including the wooden shoes, are still worn by women of the fishing districts.

In these days when there is so much prying into ancient history, and into old art galleries in the mad rush after the quaint and the unusual with which to tempt the jaded votaries of Fashion, I wonder that some enterprising designer does not discover this rich collection hidden away in the Ryks Museum, and thereby startle the fashionable world with his novel and original(?) ideas and, incidentally, make a fortune for himself.

Ascending to the floor above we viewed many fine paintings, including the masterpiece of Rembrandt, "The Night-Watch." Amsterdam is very proud of Rembrandt, and has reared in his honor a beautiful monument, which stands in a flower-platted little nook called Rembrandt Plein. This great painter, however, was not born in Amsterdam, but at Leyden, not far away—a place fraught with peculiar interest for Americans, as it was from Leyden that the Puritans set sail for our own country. When we who have crossed the Atlantic in a modern ocean liner, surrounded by every comfort and luxury, think of that little band of pilgrims leaving their home-land to

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cross the perilous sea, in a tiny sailing vessel, we can only marvel at their courage.

Such ventures, though, are history-making and have their part in working out the destiny of nations.

It has been said that painters and poets are very much a matter of fashion. However true, or untrue, this statement may be, George Eliot has the credit of being the one who first set the fashion in literature for the Dutch painters. She loved their naturalness, their simplicity, their trueness to life and to Nature. We do know that these qualities emphasize themselves in the critical public mind as it approaches the intellectual status of the great English authoress.

Rembrandt Van Rijn—his paternal name was Van Rijn—was the son of a miller in well-to-do circumstances. One visionary writer has assumed that the celebrated painter was born in a windmill, and suggests that the dim, narrow windows of his infancy had something to do with the deep shadows which we always associate with his work. This story, however, is legend pure and simple, not history. Evidently it was fully understood in the Van Rijn household that the lad would be a painter, not a miller. In anticipation of such a profession, the boy was sent while quite young to study in Amsterdam.

Years of happy home life for the young artist was followed by successful art work at Amsterdam. In 1634 he was married to Saskia van Ulenburgh, a beautiful Dutch maiden, who died less than ten years later. Saskia has been immortalized on many a canvas by

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her gifted husband. Her face is familiar to most students and lovers of art. Wherever one sees a Rembrandt painting containing a woman's face, one will see the influence and inspiration of the artist's charming young wife. One somehow intuitively feels that with her love she "brought a soul" to the work of the great master.

Rembrandt was born in Leyden, 1606, and died in Amsterdam, 1674.

We next visited Nieuwe Kerk (New Church), an old edifice dating from the early part of the fifteenth century. There is also an Oude Kerk (Old Church), which has an additional century of age to its credit; a fine Roman Catholic Cathedral, and the great Portuguese Synagogue. Inasmuch, however, as we only had time to visit one of these, our conductor chose this one in order that we might see the beautiful chancel and its elaborate and intricately carved pulpit.

The church contains many interesting things along the line of antiques; also tombs of several men of valor who have left their impress on the history of the Netherlands. Most notable among those whose remains rest here is Admiral De Ruyter, who is honored with a fine memorial. This monument recalls the turbulent times of the seventeenth century, when wars of conquest and struggles for supremacy kept the naval fleets of these northern countries in active service most of the time. It also commemorates a life of unflinching courage in the discharge of duty,

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and indicates, too, the heights to which an obscure, unlettered youth may sometimes reach. De Ruyter's parents were extremely poor. They sent the lad to sea, at the age of eleven years, as cabin boy, from which lowly place he finally rose to the admiralty. In recognition of his valiant service in defeating the Swedish fleet in 1659, he obtained a title of nobility and a pension from the King of Denmark. His whole life, practically, was spent upon the high seas, where he figured in many a bitter and stubborn conflict, and where, in a desperate battle off the coast of Sicily, he received fatal wounds in the defense of Spain against France. History tells us that all Europe, even nations hostile to his own, honored his bravery.

De Ruyter and Rembrandt were contemporaries. The admiral was born one year later and died two years later than the painter. Amsterdam has honored them both.

In the afternoon most of the ambassadors attended the exposition going on in Amsterdam, and were delighted. The Woman's Building was a revelation as to what the Dutch women have accomplished in the last century. The exhibit portrayed the progress of one hundred years—1813-1913—and it is doubtful if the women of any country could make a better showing.

Their progress, too, has been along safe and sane lines. It means better homes, broader lives and higher ideals.

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As we noted their exhibits of clever handiwork, their modern ways of doing things, the new appliances and inventions they are bringing into every-day service, we realized that the representative women of Holland are indeed wide-awake and are keeping fully abreast with the spirit of the times.

As we moved along through the building, viewing the various interesting displays, we felt complimented when we came upon our own photographs—those of all the Ambassadors of the Woman's Republic—spread out among those of other women who are working for human betterment, and to whom the rank-and-file of all countries are looking for help and inspiration toward a more equitable representation and a larger share in the world's work.

This fine building, with its instructive exhibits, reflected great credit on the earnest home-loving women of Holland. It was indeed a privilege to spend an afternoon within its walls.

The shops of Amsterdam are most attractive, and goods are so cheap that we could not refrain from making a few purchases. In the line of souvenirs, the wares are simply irresistible. Here we found the dearest little sketches and post-cards, exquisite as water-colors, showing the quaintest Dutch scenes imaginable, for a mere penny or two. We scarcely knew when to quit buying, for in no other way could we carry home with us so many refreshing reminders of this thrifty, fascinating country under far northern skies.

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The ambassadors were all interested in civics and social service—Mrs. William Grant Brown, Dr. Emma Wing-Thompson, and Mrs. Mattie O. Pepler especially so. These ladies grew quite enthused over the dairy system of Amsterdam, declaring that it surpasses any they have found either at home or abroad. The utmost sanitation is maintained all down the line. After the cans and bottles are filled with the fresh, new milk, they are sealed before leaving the dairy. Each dairyman has his own individual seal. This, of itself, is an incentive to carefulness, for, through this system, if any illness arises from the use of milk, the trouble can be traced directly to the party responsible. The dairies are under the most rigid inspection and must be kept clean and wholesome. The cows, too, are closely inspected and must be healthy and normal for milk supply.

The Hollander is brought up and trained to dairy farming, hence he fully appreciates the value of careful and thorough methods. Most of the farms are owned by the men who operate them. These farmers are, as a rule, industrious and thrifty and their children are well educated.

Amsterdam has experienced many vicissitudes since its beginning as a fishing village, seven hundred years ago. But, through stress of wars, invasions and business depressions, the sturdy Hollander has stood, stoic-like, and refused to surrender to untoward conditions. Today the city is rich and

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powerful and is evidently enjoying an era of genuine prosperity. We had enjoyed immensely our brief stay in this quaint old city of canals and bridges, but Thursday morning, when the carriages drew up at the door to convey us to the railway station, we were ready to say "good-bye" and turn our faces toward The Hague.

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BOOK NUMBER FIFTEEN

The Hague and the Palace of Peace

THE distance is not great between Amsterdam and The Hague, but the ride of thirty-six miles gives one a comprehensive glimpse of the rural life of Holland. It makes a pleasing picture—the neat cottages with roofs of red tiles; the meadow-lands thickly traversed by narrow canals; herds of dairy cows contentedly grazing in green pastures; women in characteristic dress working in the fields and gardens; small carts, drawn by faithful dogs bearing whatever burden that befalls them; little children wearing quaint wooden shoes, while busy windmills turning everywhere add the picturesque touch to the pastoral scene.

As we neared Haarlem we were attracted by the flower farms with their wealth of color and fragrance. Haarlem is noted for its trade in hyacinths, tulips and anemones, the favorite flowers of Holland.

We soon reached The Hague, which is a most delightful city. It is the home of the Queen of Holland, and since the sixteenth century has been the political capital of the Netherlands.

The hotel for which we were booked is centrally located, and opens out into one of those charming

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Ambassador from Pennsylvania

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MRS. MARGARET TUCKER
Secretary of Treasury, Woman's Republic

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arcades so appealing to tourists. Soon as we were settled, and had read our home letters, we started out with our conductor to do some sight-seeing before luncheon.

Walking down the long arcade to the open square, we found ourselves within a stone's throw of the Binnenhof, a dull red brick building dating from the thirteenth century. It was formerly a castle of the Counts of Holland. A portion of it is now used by the Dutch Parliament. About this somber-looking old building hovers a world of tragic history. Within the courts of the Binnenhof is another building called the Hall of the Knight, which was at one time a court of justice. It was before this Hall that Prince Maurice, in 1619, ordered the execution of his prime minister, Jan van Olden Barneveldt.

It is a pathetic story—a story all too typical of the times when the struggle for supremacy was, seemingly, the chief activity of men and of nations.

Maurice, after the assassination of his father, William I, Prince of Orange, was elected stadtholder or governor of the provinces of Holland and Zealand. At this time a considerable portion of the Netherlands was still under Spanish dominion. Maurice was one of the most skilful and noted generals of his time. Through his aggressive policy and able leadership the Dutch captured cities and wrested fortresses from their enemies in rapid

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succession. Many important victories were scored by them; and in 1609 Spain was forced to acknowledge the United Provinces as a free republic.

In the meantime Maurice had become inflamed with a consuming desire for sovereign power, and to this end was using every means at his command, legitimate or otherwise. He failed, however, in this ambition.

Barneveldt, on the other hand, was a statesman, a diplomat and an ardent advocate in the cause of independence for his country. Through his keen insight into affairs of state, he discerned the secret designs of Maurice to make himself absolute ruler of the provinces.

Barneveldt greatly opposed the warlike tendencies of Maurice, and through his wise diplomacy had rendered his country inestimable service. He had brought into harmony hostile factions when partisan feeling swelled into such bitterness that it threatened to end in civil war. The deeply-felt influence thus exercised by the prime minister only increased the jealousy of the House of Nassau. Political intrigue of the most insidious nature was at work. Personally, Barneveldt was viciously attacked by what we would term today a subsidized press; openly insulted in the state's meeting by the mob, who idolized Maurice, and finally was illegally arrested and thrown into prison.

To make the tragic story short, Maurice, after some months, summoned the Synod of Dort, and

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while it was still sitting, Barneveldt was brought to trial before a special commission of twenty-four judges, and the innocent man, to whom his country owed its political existence, was condemned as a traitor!

Friends, relatives, the French Ambassador and even the Dowager Princess of Orange sought to intercede for him, but Maurice was inexorable. The grand, venerable old man, seventy-one years of age, mounted the scaffold and laid down his head to the executioner's axe with the same courage and dignity that had characterized his whole political life.

How oft, alas, in many a land have patriotism and martyrdom proven synonymous words!

Near by is the old Spanish prison, and in an open space in front of the Binnenhof, stands a fine statue of King William II, the great-grandfather of the present beloved ruler of Holland, Queen Wilhelmina.

In the northwestern corner of this court of the Binnenhof stands the Mauritshuis, now the national art gallery. This was our objective point. The fine art collections seen in European capitals are marvelous. The way the priceless canvases and sculptures are housed and treasured, and the way their great artists are honored and commemorated, is not only a beautiful and worthy tribute to genius, but it proves the value of art as a national asset—a legacy bequeathed by the centuries, whose intrinsic worth cannot be estimated on the cash register.

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Holland loves her art and her artists. The old Dutch masters are especially well represented in the national collection at The Hague.

One could spend weeks in this gallery and not be weary. But we could only linger a few moments before a single canvas, no matter how interesting a story the picture told.

It is scarcely possible to particularize in an art collection when every canvas bears the stamp of the master-hand. Our admiration was shared about equally among Rembrandt, Potter, Dou, Jan Steen, Van Dyck and some others—all of whom are well represented.

Mrs. Alice Dean Schneider, Ambassador from Tennessee, who is a critic as well as a lover of fine art, fairly reveled in the old Dutch masters. In fact, Mrs. Schneider's taste inclines her toward the classics. As a clubwoman she has given much time to self-culture and was ready for the finishing touches afforded by our European trip—as, indeed, I believe, all of us were.

But, returning to the artists, the paintings of Jan Steen are a delight. He was a most prolific painter, and many of his best pictures are in this collection. How charmingly he depicts the homely scenes and humorous incidents of everyday life! Children and domestic animals have popular place in his pictures, and their "stories" are read at a glance. As an artist of the Dutch school Jan Steen ranks high. His works are now of much value.

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One section of the gallery is called the Orange Room. In it are gathered the portraits of the various members of the House of Orange.

Probably the most notable work of the entire collection is "The Young Bull." It was painted for Maurice, Prince of Orange, by Paul Potter, the celebrated animal painter. When the country was overrun by the French, this painting was carried away to Paris, but was afterward bought back by the Dutch government for sixty thousand florins, or about thirty thousand dollars.

Although Potter passed away before he had reached the age at which the average artist is supposed to "find himself," he is one of the most distinguished painters of the Dutch school. His cattle pieces are classed above similar works of any other artist. So precocious was he in the technique of his art that he, at the age of fifteen years, had gained an enviable reputation. Commissions for work poured in on him; but, under too close application to his easel, his health, always delicate, gave way and he died at the early age of twenty-eight years.

Numerous canvases of Rembrandt are preserved in The Hague collection, notably his gruesome yet powerful painting, "The Anatomy Lesson." One can only marvel at the well-nigh infinite skill with which the subject is delineated—the true-to-life expression on every face; the tensity of feeling, and the earnestness with which every word of the

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learned professor is being received. So realistic is the scene, one would scarcely be surprised to see the little group of scientists step bodily from the great golden frame, living, breathing, moving men!

Many other pictures from the same brush are here—strong faces of men and women of the seventeenth century which still live to the world today out of the shadows of Rembrandt's art.

The works of Van Dyck are not so entirely Dutch in character. They show decided influence of the French and Italian schools. Van Dyck was first a pupil of Rubens, but afterward studied in the different art centers of Europe, which has given greater versatility to his style and a more cosmopolitan spirit to his conceptions.

Dou, the most exquisite of Dutch *genre* painters, is well represented here, as he also is in other galleries we visited. He was a pupil of Rembrandt, but developed artistic qualities altogether unlike those of his master. His was a genius of different type, finding its highest expression in marvelous color effects, beautiful, radiantly, gloriously beautiful, beyond the realm of praise or criticism.

Dou loved the beauties of Nature, and portrayed them with a truthfulness of which only a great artist is capable. His canvases, as a rule, are small, but are such gems of art that they have commanded princely prices.

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Rembrandt, Steen and Dou were all born in Leyden, an old university town nestled on a cluster of fifty islands at the mouth of the Rhine.

It was the privilege of our embassy while abroad to see three of the four most noted paintings in the world—Da Vinci's "Last Supper"; Rembrandt's "The Night Watch," and Potter's "The Young Bull." The fourth, Raphael's "Transfiguration," is in the Vatican at Rome, a city not included in our itinerary.

The next place we visited was the old Spanish prison in which political prisoners used to be confined. It was here that Cornelius De Witte was imprisoned and tortured on a charge of conspiracy against the House of Orange. His brother, Jan De Witte, a noted statesman and at one time grand pensionary, went to greet him on his release, and as they came forth from the prison they were attacked by an infuriated mob and both of them were murdered.

I must confess that I did not want to see this old prison. We had just come from the presence of the immortals and it seemed too bad that the uplift of feeling inspired by genius should be depressed by viewing instruments of human torture.

But the duty of the historian is to record facts. It is quite possible, too, that many for whom I am writing may be especially interested in a brief account of the grim old prison-house.

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The whole place fairly reeks with the atmosphere of the Dark Ages. Every room is a chamber of torture. The visions of cruelty they awaken make the heart sick. The most skilfully-contrived devices that the minds of demons could invent are here—mute witnesses of "man's inhumanity to man." The pillories, the racks, the branding irons, the chains, the screws, the stretching machines are only a few of these time-worn, rusting adjuncts of Spanish inquisition.

Within these gloomy walls men were slowly starved to death, tantalized by the maddening odor of cooking viands. Here their heads were confined beneath the constant drip, drip of falling water until the poor, dizzy brains gave way under the acuteness of the agony. Here bones were broken, one by one, in the supreme lust of torture. Here women were stretched upon the rack, their feet confined in iron rings, their hands manacled, their heads bound beneath heavy bars of iron tied with knots of their own tangled hair, trying through the very exquisiteness of pain to wring confessions from them! Oh, the horror of it all! Spectres of death and spirits of terror seem lurking everywhere! But let us drop the curtain. The tragedy is too awesome, too inhuman.

O Spain, Spain, fair realm of the Southland, how thy haughty head must bow beneath the shame of such history!

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It was a relief to get out into the pure air, the summer sunshine. I could only rejoice that we are living in the twentieth instead of the seventeenth century. I rejoice, too, that in the Renaissance of Humanity the spirit of brotherhood is making itself felt throughout the world. It must have full expression. Even though its final triumph may seem to be war, pestilence, famine and disaster, it will eventually lead all nations, through right ways, to the goal of Ultimate Good!

It was now high noon and we returned to our hotel for luncheon.

At one o'clock the carriages drew up at the entrance to the arcade and soon we were off for an afternoon of pleasure. Our program began with a drive about the city. The Hague is altogether pleasing and attractive. It is delightfully situated and well built, showing a harmonious commingling of Dutch and French in its architecture. The city is intersected in all directions by canals—busy highways of commerce bearing a ceaseless traffic on their placid waters. Wide streets and shady avenues, lined with spreading linden trees, are adorned with fine residences, including the royal palace and the homes of nobility.

The Hague, being the seat of government, is essentially a city of fashion, and owes much of its business prosperity to the liberal patronage of the Dutch Court.

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Our objective point for the afternoon was Scheveningen, an important port of the North Sea; also a popular pleasure resort of Holland. The way there is along a broad causeway through a magnificent forest. In this beautiful woodland on the outskirts of the town are many handsome country-seats, also "'T Huis in 't Bosch" (the House in the Woods), a residence of the royal family containing many art works of note.

Not far away is Ryswick, where in 1697 was concluded an important peace treaty, which put to an end the bloody contest in which France and England had long been engaged. The treaty was signed by England, France, Germany and Spain.

A more ideal drive can scarcely be imagined than the one from The Hague to Schveningen. I have never seen an "enchanted forest," but the one through which we passed certainly suggested one. The great virgin trees are not only green in foliage, but their bodies and limbs, too, are green. I could only think of trees I had seen in landscape paintings and in priceless old tapestries.

Nearing Scheveningen, the causeway is bordered with charming homes and villas set in delicious rose gardens—veritable rose trees full of riotous bloom, showing the utmost skill in floriculture.

When we reached the port, we left our carriages for a stroll along the gay beach and the pleasant promenades. We were attracted by women fruit and flower venders dressed in primitive costumes,

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picturesque in the extreme. For, while Scheveningen is a fashionable resort place, it is also a fishing district whose natives are still toilers of the sea.

Notwithstanding it was July, we had not since our arrival in Europe experienced any real American summer weather. The day was quite cool, and cloth traveling suits were none too warm. A keen, brisk wind was lashing the sea into a tempestuous mood, for the North Sea is none too amiable at its best. Unmindful of this, hundreds of bathers, in exceedingly scant attire, were lounging in beach-baskets, and groups of little tots were rollicking on the sand, seemingly oblivious to the sharp whip of the wind. A long pier extending far out into the water connects with a large pleasure pavilion. gay with the music and festivities of a seaside resort. The Hollanders must be sturdy, indeed, if they really enjoy, as they evidently do, surf bathing in the teeth of a biting North Sea wind.

After "doing" Scheveningen and gathering up a few more Dutch souvenirs, we started on our return trip.

We stopped at the Palace of Peace. This beautiful structure was receiving its finishing touches, in readiness for the dedication ceremonies soon to take place.

No other building in the world holds such strong and vital international interest as does this wonderful edifice, set in grounds of beauty and harmony in the royal park of The Hague.

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It is inspiring to feel that through the great tribunals that shall henceforth sit in this palace, may come the fulfilment of prophecy—the vision seen by Isaiah thousands of years ago: The end of war in all the earth!

The structure is indeed worthy of the exalted object for which it is intended. Its construction, its decorations and its furnishings reflect the spirit of world-wide altruism. In 1907, through the farsightedness of Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, the privilege was extended to all nations of donating something characteristic of themselves to the structure. This privilege was accepted. Nothing else, it seems to me, could have contributed in so large a measure to its inestimable value, or to the sense of universal ownership, as the symbolizing in this way some distinctive, individual, national touch of every country.

It was only right and logical that all nations should have part in the creation of the Palace of Peace. This policy of unity and co-operation was carried out with most gratifying results. Each country has contributed something characteristic of itself. From Norway and Sweden came the indestructible granite; France presented the magnificent Gobelin tapestries which adorn the inner court, also a painting for the Hall of Justice; England contributed the splendid windows of art glass; from Belgium came the great bronze doors of the main entrance; America gave the exquisite group

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of statuary adorning the grand stairway; Denmark donated the fountain in the court-yard; Austria sent the bronze-and-crystal candelabra in the vestibule. Hungary, Turkey, Roumania, Brazil, San Salvador, Russia, China—all countries, in fact—are represented by some fitting offering to the noble peace edifice. The gift of The Hague is a golden candelabra. The beautiful teakwood used throughout the building came from the Dutch colonies. The walls in the assembly room are hung with Japanese draperies, manufactured expressly for the purpose and were donated by the government of Japan.

Thus, there has arisen in a wonderful way a palace of the nations, permeated through and through with the spirit of peace, good will and human brotherhood!

The sunken gardens, the lake, the shrubs, the flowers and the greenwood combine in making a charming setting for this great building, with its splendid facades, classic colonnades, and imposing towers, standing in the fine old wood, a silent pledge of better things for all the nations of the world!

The Palace of Peace was built after designs by Cordonnier, a noted French architect, in collaboration with Van de Steuer, a well-known Dutch architect. The grounds were laid out by Mawson, an English landscape gardener, whose designs were chosen after an open competition. The chief archi-

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tect was selected in the same manner, and was one of two hundred and fifteen competitors.

After a most enjoyable afternoon, we returned to the hotel, where, incidentally, we partook of an excellent dinner.

We spent the evening among the gay shops, with their alluring wares, which line both sides of the brilliantly-lighted arcades.

The farther we went on our delightful journey the more we realized the great privilege that had come to us, and the more frequently we voiced our gratitude that "our lines had fallen in pleasant places."

We were reluctant to leave The Hague. We were so comfortable, and the charm of the place was so impelling. But our time was up.

Friday morning, July fourth, as we sat at breakfast in the big dining-room, a large party of English tourists arrived and were seated at a special table near our own. This little incident occurred: The American colors gracing our board, and the Woman's Republic colors gracing our persons, evidently attracted the attention of our English neighbors. The leader of the party arose, and, coming to our table, introduced himself to me. I, in turn, introduced him to the ambassadors, collectively, with a brief statement concerning the purpose of our visit abroad. The gentleman, then, in behalf of his party, made quite a gallant speech. He congratulated us most heartily on our mission, on the anniversary of

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our "Glorious Fourth," and on the world progress that has been made under the Stars and Stripes. The tribute was beautiful as it was unexpected, and, coming from an Englishman, we felt especially gratified.

How easily, though, the veil of the past is lifted! How readily, too, the soul responds to the spirit of patriotism! In an instant my thoughts were flying back to the colonial days of our country; to the time when the spirit of independence was burning in the bosoms of our forefathers—as it ever must burn in the hearts of all true men and women who find themselves in the thraldom of unjust bondage; in allegiance to a power they no longer can honor. I could almost hear echoing down the centuries that patriotic declaratioin of Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, voicing the sentiments of that grand old commonwealth in these words: "These united colonies are, and of right should be, free and independent states." I could fancy, too, how carefully every point was considered in the two-days' debate intervening between the offering of that resolution and its adoption. One can appreciate the delicacy and the gravity of the task of preparing a declaration of independence, and of framing articles of confederation. But there were statesmen in that Colonial Assembly big enough for the work—men who were making history greater than they knew.

Twenty-one days later that immortal document—The Declaration of Independence—in the hand-

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writing of Thomas Jefferson, was reported. The report was taken up July the first and debated for four days. It was a serious matter, a far-reaching step to take. No wonder that little band of patriots felt the necessity of "hanging together" to obviate, if possible, the otherwise certainty of "hanging singly."

But the hand of destiny was guiding them; the spirit of freedom inspiring them. The now historic document was adopted by the Colonial Congress, July fourth, 1776—just one hundred and thirty-seven years ago that beautiful morning—and since that memorable time the Goddess of Liberty has been our patron saint, and Old Glory has never been dishonored!

There was, however, one grave oversight in the drafting of the Declaration of Independence. It failed to recognize women as citizens of the new republic. This wrong is, at last, being slowly and tediously righted and the status of women is gradually trending upward. In this connection, it is well to remember that no man or woman can be a true patriot who does not desire and seek to express his or her love of country through that country's political system.

After breakfast our baggage received a few additional stamps and tags, carriages were announced and we were off for Ghent.

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BOOK SIXTEEN

Ghent, the City of Flowers

ABOUT midday, Friday, July the fourth, we arrived at Ghent, an old, old city of Belgium whose fortunes have fluctuated with the "ups and downs" of the Netherlands. Ghent is situated on a cluster of twenty-six islands formed by the Scheldt and its tributaries. These islands are divided by numerous canals which are spanned by hundreds of bridges.

Like practically all cities dating from so far down the centuries, Ghent is surrounded by a wall of defense. This wall encloses an area of eight miles in circuit, and through its seven gateways the town is entered. The architecture of Ghent indicates its history, and runs the scale from the quaint and fantastic to the thoroughly modern and up-to-date. On the whole, the city is well and substantially built, and lying all around it are thrifty-looking farms and gardens.

Ghent is pre-eminently a city of flowers. They adorn the streets and promenades most profusely. Veritable bowers of gay blossoms and trailing vines grace even the prosaic lamp-posts, swing from the window ledges and balconies, adding by their beauty and fragrance a charm altogether pleasing.

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No special sight-seeing had been planned for the afternoon. Ghent was included in our itinerary chiefly on account of the International Exposition which we were scheduled to visit the next day.

There was, however, much that was interesting to see, and we whiled away the afternoon following the inclinations of individual fancy.

Every European city of importance has at least one noted church and a Fine Art collection. In this particular Ghent is not an exception. The Cathedral of St. Bavon is well worth a visit. It contains the famous painting, "The Adoration of the Lamb," by the Van Eyck brothers. The cathedral, in point of beauty, does not compare with that of Milan or Cologne, but it has a fine interior with several chapels, all of the Gothic period. Other noted art works to be seen here are Jansen's "Pieta," and "Saint Bavon Assuming the Cowl," by Rubens.

I doubt if any other member of our party enjoyed the cathedrals quite so much as did Miss Neal, Ambassador from Florida, and her friend and companion, Miss Freeman.

Ghent has many handsome buildings, including the Palace of Justice, a fine club-house, and an art museum containing many paintings and statues of note.

But aside from history, art, and architecture, and simply as American women, we were not slow to remember that we were in the home of Brussels

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and Flemish laces, so dear to the feminine heart. We made no effort to remain in a body, but, in little groups or pairs, we wandered along the flower-hung streets lined with attractive shops, until some lace-filled window lured us within for a closer range of inspection.

How daintily-exquisite these laces are! Hand-wrought and delicate as a gossamer web, they appeal irresistibly to all womankind.

It was in one of these little shops in Ghent that I parted with a certain sum of money given me by a dear friend as a bon voyage gift. "Get something pretty for yourself in Europe," was her parting injunction. So the "something" took tangible form in a collar and jabot of real Brussels lace which will no doubt go down in my family as a precious heirloom. In fancy I can see this same lace, yellow with age, gracing the fair throat of a stately young maiden of the third generation. I can hear her say, with a little inflection of pride in her voice, "My grandmother brought this collar from Europe when she was sent there as one of the peace ambassadors of the Woman's Republic."

No less enthusiastic over these filmy dress accessories was Mrs. Goodin, Ambassador from Kansas. She and I were good friends long before this journey was thought of and I have enjoyed many times the gracious hospitality of her beautiful home in the Sunflower State, and as traveling companions

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we found much in common to enjoy and to enthuse over together. She, too, has real lace to pass on down the line. Neither of us will forget our amusing experiences in making these purchases. The proprietress of the shop was most obliging, taking infinite pains to show us her beautiful goods, but as a linguist she was scarcely more proficient in the English language than we were in that of East Flanders. Adding to this the puzzling matter of exchange of currency, one can readily grasp the situation. But the shopkeeper was resourceful, and had no intention of allowing two American customers to depart without the laces they had selected. So she sent for a neighbor who promptly came to the rescue, and, with a little better English on her part, and a few more expressive "signs" on our part, the transactions were closed with entire satisfaction to all concerned.

According to a certain poet,

> "A little nonsense now and then
> Is relished by the wisest men."

which, of course, means women, too.

No normal woman can look on the serious side of life all the time, nor would it be wise to do so even if she could. Therefore, I do not feel called upon to apologize for the wholesome little lark we enjoyed that night in Ghent at the expense of Mrs. Jenkins, Ambassador from California. Rev. Edith Hill-Booker led the performance. At the end of the act I realized that when the church gained her as

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an evangelist the stage lost a star performer. Poor Mrs. Jenkins! I doubt if she slept a wink that night. If she did it was with one eye upon a certain mysterious door opening into a dark recess whose purpose none of us knew. But the uncanny vision Mrs. Booker conjured up concerning it, and the dramatic way in which she presented it was worthy of Ellen Terry. All of us, I am sure, felt better after our indulgence in "the lighter vein," which was fun pure and simple. By the way, many amusing things happened on this trip, as most of us remember.

Saturday morning, July fifth, as we were about to leave the hotel to visit the exposition, we received a most friendly call from the American Consul, Henry Albert Johnson. Mr. Johnson congratulated us most heartily upon our worthy mission abroad, and assured us of his sincere approval and appreciation. He expressed a desire to render us any assistance within his power, and stated, incidentally, that he had just that morning received a military deputation from the United States before calling to see us. Mr. Johnson was for twelve years Consul at Venice. He now lives at Ostend instead of Ghent. The gentleman evidently does not believe in race suicide, as he has an interesting family of nine children—one in New York, three in school in London, and five at home with the mother at Ostend. The Consul laughingly declared that while so large a family is not at all fashionable,

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he considers it quite democratic. Of the nine "olive branches" there is not one to spare. He is very hopeful of our new administration. On the whole, Mr. Johnson impressed us as being the right man in the right place.

It was a long ride from our hotel to the exposition grounds and afforded us an interesting view of the city. It was quite a distance, too, from the entrance gates to the exposition proper. The road wound through a beautiful park and was lined with trees laden with artificial oranges and grape-fruit containing electric light bulbs. This was part of the illuminative scheme and doubtless made a gorgeous showing at night.

The exposition was charmingly laid out, and built with artistic effect. The Court of Honor, the keynote to the general plan of the grounds, was beautiful indeed. The exhibits were comprehensive and interesting, but the attendance upon this particular day did not afford a flattering outlook for financial success. Indeed, the only thing lacking was the throngs of people that give the vital human touch to enterprises of this nature.

The Canadian Pacific exhibit in one of the great pavilions deserved a whole day of admiration. The vast panoramas giving such wondrous scenic effects, together with the fruits, grains, birds, animals and various indigenous products, formed a mammoth display both interesting and instructive.

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The art building was, of course, a dominant feature. We only had time for a mere passing glance, but one could readily see even at a glance, that the showing was altogether creditable, especially in the sections devoted to the Belgian, French and Dutch paintings. Particularly pleasing were the charming landscapes represented in Belgian art, also some interesting canvases indicating the modern Dutch school, notably a beautiful seascape, "Evening at Scheveningen," by Mesdag.

English art was represented only by a comparatively small exhibit, but the display reflected the national characteristics of that country in strength and seriousness of purpose. France, in fact, had by far the largest collection, but the canvases were not by any means of uniform excellence—some were exceedingly good, while others did not measure up to the high standard one naturally expects from that art-loving nation.

When we first reached the exposition grounds we were addressed by a little party of young Americans, who told us that the United States building would be formally opened at four o'clock in the afternoon, and extended to us a cordial invitation to be present at the ceremonies. Knowing we would leave the grounds at an earlier hour, than that mentioned, and feeling desirous to see what Uncle Sam was showing, we went to the building.

We were utterly disappointed and displeased, too, for there was only a section of a sort of general

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building filled with little booths where cheap wares were being sold as souvenirs; a few small exhibits of parties in Ghent who are handling some lines of American goods—nothing in any sense worthy to be called a United States building or an American exhibit. I heartily resented the flagrant misrepresentation, and wondered that our government had allowed such a thing to masquerade under the great name of the United States. The only exhibit at all typical of us as a nation was that of the California Commercial Clubs—those wide-awake, aggressive men of the Pacific Coast who never let an opportunity pass for putting California on the map. Representatives of these were there "with the goods," even to their song: "We love you, California."

Who does not admire their enterprising spirit!

The camera devotees of our embassy found interesting subjects for their films in two or three couples of newly-weds who were having the time of their lives. They wore the primitive Sunday-best costumes of the fisher-folk of the North countries—costumes fearfully and wonderfully made, but picturesque in the extreme.

As we left this truly beautiful exposition we could only regret that it was not more largely attended. We were told, however, that the evening attendance was much better. Of course, one cannot judge ultimate results by a single day.

We returned to the hotel by a different route, thereby getting another view of the city.

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The situation of Ghent contributes to its commercial importance. The great canal which opens into the Schledt gives communication with the sea and its hundreds of sea-going vessels can drop anchor in the fine dock, or basin, lying along the northeastern side of the city.

Though Ghent is mentioned as far back as the seventh century, its tangible history, so to speak, probably began in the ninth century when Baldwin Bras de Fer, first Count of Flanders, built a fortress there against the Normans. So great was its prosperity and growth under the rule of the Counts of Flanders that in the fourteenth century Ghent was able to send into the field fifty thousand men. The citizens had not only accumulated wealth, but the large measure of freedom they enjoyed developed a corresponding spirit of patriotism which made them prompt to resist with arms, any attempt to infringe on their sense of right and well being.

But the Netherlands has been the battleground of many a weary struggle, in most of which Ghent suffered seriously, and was frequently taken.

The city was under French dominion from 1792 until the fall of Napoleon in 1814, when it was incorporated with Flanders in the Kingdom of the Netherlands. The population is now approximately two hundred thousand.

The most interesting historic fact connected with Ghent for Americans is the Treaty of Ghent,

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through whose negotiations the second war between the United States and Great Britain was settled December fourteenth, 1814, and ratified the seventeenth of the following February.

So fairly were the questions responsible for the hostility arbitrated that only the friendliest relations have existed between the two countries during the intervening century. It is still referred to as the Treaty of Ghent.

Our stay was short but pleasant in this quaint old city of flowers nestled upon green isles on the bosom of the Schledt.

Late in the afternoon we said good-bye and boarded a train for Brussels.

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BOOK NUMBER SEVENTEEN

Brussels, the Beautiful Capital of Belgium

THE day was far spent when we reached Brussels, the capital city of Belgium, which, with its circle of ten suburbs, registers a population of seven hundred thousand.

When our mail had been distributed we were conducted to our various rooms, all of them overlooking a pleasing court adorned with palms, shrubs, vines and flowers. We had proved to be such excellent travelers that no sense of weariness ever seemed to limit our capacity for sight-seeing. As dinner would not be served for more than an hour hence, we had time for a brisk walk along the Rue de la Colline, which leads to the Passage St. Hubert, an enormous glass-covered gallery, or arcade, in the heart of the popular shopping district of the city. At the end of this gallery is the St. Hubert's Theatre, and a little further on we came to the Cathedral of Saint Gudule, a fine Gothic structure founded in the thirteenth century. It has a splendid facade and is approached by a majestic sweep of stone steps. Its interior, like all the great churches of Europe, shows beautiful works of art in paintings, sculptures and stained-glass creations. The

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cathedral contains a wonderful pulpit, said to be the masterpiece of Verbruggen. The windows are exceedingly fine. They typify the stolen "host," incorporating in their scheme the portraits of a number of famous princes. There are numerous monuments and statues of the Dukes of Brabrant and other distinguished persons, the most imposing of which is the monument to Count F. von Merode, by Geef.

The Church of Saint Gudule is so charmingly situated that its handsome towers, rising to a height of two hundred and sixty-five feet, afford an excellent view of the city, with its surrounding suburbs.

Close by stands the National bank, a thoroughly modern building designed by two noted Flemish architects, Begaert and Jansens, showing clever adaptations of the style and period of Louis XVI. It is adorned with beautiful allegorical figures representing Commerce and Industry, the work of Wiener.

Returning to the hotel, a good dinner awaited us, to which we brought the zest of the tourist appetite. From the dining-room we passed into a large reception hall and viewed a choice display of Flemish laces, which enterprising trades-people had installed there. No doubt they have long since realized, to their own advantage, the lure of these delicate fabrics for American women.

We spent the evening in social converse and with our correspondence. We were like a large family,

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each one feeling at liberty to enjoy herself in her own individual way, and yet we never seemed to tire of one another's society. Of course, there is always in operation that unwritten law of natural selection which causes those most congenial to gravitate toward each other into a little closer intimacy, perhaps, but on the whole a spirit of good-fellowship and camaraderie characterized the entire embassy in a way that was gratifying.

Sunday morning, July sixth, the carriages were at the door early, and soon we were driving about the beautiful city.

To me nothing more forcibly emphasizes the passing of the feudal spirit than the leveling of the grim old walls of defense and replacing them with beautiful boulevards and handsome residences, as Brussels has done in common with other European cities.

Every frowning old rampart that is torn down marks a new milestone in human progress, and accentuates the awakening spirit of altruism, brotherhood and peace. Love is the fulfilling of the law, and nations and individuals governed by the Golden Rule would soon usher in the millennium—the reign of harmony on earth!

Brussels, with its picturesque situation, its wide, shady avenues, its inviting little parks or places, its splendid business, municipal and official buildings, its stately royal palace, its superb palace of justice, the beautiful homes of foreign ministers and prosperous citizens, together with its imposing monu-

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ments and statuary, its fountains and its gardens, is one of the most attractive cities in all Europe.

Our first stop was at the House of Parliament, which includes the Senate Chamber and the House of Deputies. Belgium is a limited monarchy, whose constitution was determined by the decree of February seventh, 1881, and modified by the act of September seventh, 1893.

It consists at the present time of nine provinces, corresponding roughly with the original states from which it arose. Until the year 1830 it constituted an integral part of the Kingdom of the Netherlands, from which it seceded on account of a difference as to the official language. Today French is, one might say, the court language of Brussels, while Flemish is the one most prevalent in the old portions of the city.

In the year 1905 Belgium celebrated the seventy-fifth anniversary of her independence. The national government is vested in the House of Deputies, elected by the people, and in the Senate, chosen by the king. There are one hundred and eighty deputies and one hundred and twenty senators. The session hall of the Senate is said to be the finest assembly-room in Europe. Its walls are adorned with four magnificent Flemish tapestries, which are said to be unequaled anywhere. It required twelve years to complete the four pieces—1872-1884. Red is the dominant color note throughout the decorative

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scheme, which is wrought out in extreme richness and elegance. The entrance to the senate chamber shows portraits of all the former presidents, and in an ante-chamber is a magnificent painting of Leopold I and Queen Louise, done soon after their marriage; also a fine marble statue of the queen.

The portraits of the past presidents of the deputies are similarly shown in connection with the chamber of deputies. Everywhere the evidences of wealth and art go hand in hand and the result is extreme luxuriousness.

Among the pictures assembled in this great capitol building, "The Flight of Napoleon From Waterloo" perhaps impressed us the most. There is an impelling fascination about it. As we gazed upon the terrific scene of carnage it portrays, we realized that at that moment we were within twelve miles of the place where, nearly one hundred years ago, this appalling spectacle occurred; where thousands upon thousands of the very flower of young manhood were mown down like grass before the reaper's sickle, and where, as one historian tells us, one hundred and eighty thousand of the finest cavalrymen the world has even seen were ruthlessly sacrificed by that gigantic monument to personal ambition, Napoleon Bonaparte!

Is it any wonder, then, that the mothers, wives, sisters and daughters of men, of every civilized nation, are rising as one woman and demanding that war shall cease? Oh, the shame, the sorrow, the

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pity of it all! But, thanks to an awakened public conscience, a truer understanding of human brotherhood, and a diviner sense of human justice, the time is not far distant when the glad peans of peace shall ring around the world.

With the pathetic story of the picture brooding like a sombre shadow over the soul, we turned away, descended the grand stairway and entered our carriages. We drove, by way of the Royal Palace, directly to the Palace of Justice, the *piece de resistance* of Belgian architecture.

A beautiful park adorned with fine statuary lies between the House of Parliament and the Royal Palace. As we neared the latter, we noticed the flag of the Duke of Luxembourg floating from one of the turrets, which announced the fact that this particular nobleman was at that time a guest of the royal family.

The Palace of Justice is a structure of which any country might well feel proud. Built of pure white stone on a commanding eminence in the highest part of the city, its beauty and magnitude are almost overwhelming. It is claimed to be one of the handsomest buildings in the world, and cost fifty million francs, or about ten million dollars American money. It was designed by the noted architect, Poelaert, and suggests in its treatment the influence of old Egyptian and Assyrian edifices. The space in front of the law courts is named Poelaert Place, in honor of the architect.

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DR. EMMA WING-THOMPSON
Ambassador from New York

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Standing within its great portals one looks up to the dizzy interior of the dome, a height of three hundred and seventy-five feet. In this noble structure are all the courts of law, court of assizes, and high criminal court. Wonderful statuary and monuments adorn the vast interior, and the many session halls, the various suites and departments are extremely elegant with their luxurious fittings, furnishings, paintings and tapestries. At the foot of the grand stairway stand mammoth figures of Demosthenes and Cicero, and all about are classic characters of ancient Greek and Roman times.

After driving along broad thoroughfares, viewing the beautiful city, we stopped at the Wiertz Museum, which is housed in the former home of Anton Wiertz. This building was provided by the state for the artist on account of the great size of his canvases.

Knowing nothing of this artist or his works, I was in doubt for a moment after entering this museum whether I was crazy or whether the creator of these pictures was. I knew instantly there was something abnormal somewhere. I soon emerged, however, from my sense of bewilderment and realized that I, at least, was clothed in my right mind.

Wiertz was, in his peculiar way, a great artist. His works are broad and telling in their conception and handling, but their subjects are so weird, gloomy and gruesome that they almost give beholders nervous prostration. They certainly indicate,

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in many instances, the extreme frenzy and madness which sometimes characterize genius. The subjects, such as "Polyphemus Devouring Ulysses' Companions," "Hunger, Madness and Crime," "Buried Alive," "The Lion of Waterloo," "Napoleon in Hell," most of them painted on canvases of immense proportions, will give the reader some idea of the grim imagery of the artist's distorted fancy. I do not criticize his technique—that is wonderful—but I do question the wisdom of harrowing up one's feelings with works of art that have no message, no inspiration, no uplift for humanity.

Yet, in this collection there are two small canvases that are marvelous in their truth and beauty. One shows a sleeping dog lying in his kennel. The perspective is so perfect that one can scarcely believe that it is a painting. It is so true to life, so admirably executed, that seemingly only a whistle is necessary to call the drowsing animal from his kennel. The other one, showing the same method of handling, portrays a beautiful young girl leaning from a narrow casement window holding a rose in her hand, while over her shoulder the face of another maiden is faintly revealed through the soft shadows.

One can only wonder why the artist who could visualize his thought in such appealing and natural way should conjure up the morbid visions of a nightmare and clothe them with the living vesture of his art.

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Anton Wiertz was born in 1806 and died in 1865. It is said he was half-crazed through the terrors of the French Revolution. He lived in this house and never sold, or wanted to sell, his paintings, but earned his living painting portraits. The tools and models with which he worked are here; also an old guitar, mute and unstrung, whose erstwhile tuneful strings, let us hope, in some lonely hour may have soothed his over-wrought feelings and refreshed his delirious imagination.

We returned to the hotel to dinner, after which some of the ambassadors made a journey out to the Battlefield of Waterloo.

Monday, July seventh, we were again on the wing, leaving Brussels in the forenoon for Paris by way of Antwerp, at which place we had dinner. We would gladly have tarried there a day or two, as Antwerp has an interesting history and much in the way of art to attract visitors. It is a strongly-fortified city, with a population of about four hundred thousand. With its immense docks, its various manufacturing interests and keen business activity, Antwerp is considered the commercial capital of Belgium.

Fortunately for us, the hotel at which we dined faces an attractive open square called Place Verte, in which stands the great Cathedral of Notre Dame. We had just time enough to pay a flying visit to this church, which is a magnificent example of Gothic architecture. The interior is imposing in its

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simplicity. It contains four splendid paintings by Rubens—"Descent From the Cross," "Elevation of the Cross," "The Assumption" and "The Resurrection." There is also a lot of exquisite wood-carvings. The church has six aisles, and a nave one hundred and thirty feet high, supported by one hundred and twenty pillars. The immense chapels are decorated in artistic manner and adorned with fine paintings. The stately tower, which rises to a height of more than four hundred feet, has three galleries, and a chime of forty bells. A flight of six hundred steps leads to the second gallery.

Near the large portal is the famous well, with its wonderfully-wrought dome of iron executed by Guentin Matsys, the celebrated blacksmith-artist.

A fine bronze statue of Rubens adorns the square in which the cathedral stands.

Inasmuch as Antwerp was not included in our itinerary, we were very glad to have even a fleeting glimpse of this wide-awake old Flemish city on the shores of the Schledt. At half past two o'clock we boarded a fast train for Paris.

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BOOK NUMBER EIGHTEEN

Paris, the Gay French Capital

THE late afternoon of July seventh found us in the beautiful city of Paris, at home in the new Victoria Palace Hotel.

Here we were scheduled for four days of sight-seeing—to say nothing of the nights, at which time the gay French capital is most alluring.

It was the outing season of fashionable society folk, and we were told that there was really no one "worth while" in Paris at this time. This statement, however, did not in the least disturb us, as the pleasure of our visit did not hinge on the social side of Parisian life. We were prepared to spend four red-letter days in this fair city on the banks of the Seine.

After dinner we gathered in the drawing-room and said good-bye and God-speed to Rev. Edith Hill-Booker, who left us at this point to attend the International Sunday School Convention, assembled at Zurich. Mrs. Booker carried credentials from her state, and, in behalf of the ambassadors, presented the message and resolution of the Woman's Republic. She returned to Paris in time to join us before we left for London.

It would seem presumptuous on my part to attempt to give anything like a graphic pen-picture

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of Paris. For two thousand years Paris has been making history teeming with human interest—history which time has recorded in science, literature, music and architecture; history which has found expression in great master-works of art housed in palatial galleries, museums and churches; history sculptured in marble and moulded in bronze gracing her streets and boulevards—majestic monuments which perpetuate her achievements, honor her men of genius, and commemorate her men of valor. Even ancient traditions and curious legends have been so visualized that they, too, have had their part in the development of this wonderful city to which the world looks today for the "last word" in scientific research, as well as for the latest mandate from the imperious Goddess of Fashion!

At nine o'clock Tuesday morning, we started out with a special guide (a teacher in the university utilizing his vacation), in addition to our own conductor.

Our first stop was at the Luxembourg, where are housed splendid collections of paintings, statuary, tapestries, medals and curios. These collections are exceedingly choice and include many canvases of noted modern painters.

The statuary is exquisite, much of it representing mythological characters—"Hector," "The Siren," "Narcissus," and many others.

What an endless source of inspiration mythology has proven to painters, poets and sculptors! And

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who of us, even the rank-and-file, has not been captivated by fantastic stories of gods and goddesses; charming romances of pretty nymphs and naiads haunting woodland and stream in less prosaic days than these! As the poets have immortalized them in verse, even so have painters and sculptors made them visible to a materialistic world, thereby helping humanity to understand that beauty is indeed one of the grand verities of being.

As I loitered before the self-infatuated Narcissus, how freshly the story of the quaint myth came into remembrance. The whole train of disconsolate nymphs seemed to pass in airy vision before me. I could almost hear their whispered prayer that Narcissus, the unsusceptible god of the chase, might, too, be made to feel the pain of unrequited love. This somewhat selfish petition found answer when the youth became so enamoured of his own image in the water—the unattainable—that he pined away and died of love. The nymphs mourned, smote their breasts, and built his funeral pyre. But when they would have burned his body it could not be found. In its place had sprung up a beautiful flower with heart of gold and petals of snow—the fragrant white blossom which bears his name and enshrines his memory—the Narcissus!

But one must not pause too long before any bit of art, no matter how fascinating, for in trying to see the wonderful collections of Europe, we realized as never before that truly "Art is long and

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time is fleeting." Then, too, practically every gallery we entered has, in itself, historic associations of interest. The Luxembourg, for instance, was built as a royal palace by Marie de Medici, second wife of Henry IV. This naturally recalls some of the incidents of that unhappy reign with its doubly tragic ending—the murder of the king the day following Marie de Medici's coronation; the hopeless misrule in her government as regent; her political intrigues with politicians and court favorites after the assumption of royal power by her son, Louis XIII; her efforts to influence and even to resist that mighty genius, Richelieu; her revolutionary tendencies and attempts to bring about a civil war; her later imprisonment, escape and flight into exile—the victim of an over-weening ambition; blinded by the fierce white light that beats about a throne. History records that the last days of this unfortunate woman were spent in absolute poverty, and that she died alone and friendless in a hayloft in the city of Cologne.

Leaving the Luxembourg, we drove to the Louvre, a place that always takes position in the foreground when forming a mental picture of Paris. It has been one of the history-making spots of the French capital.

The site of the ancient palace of the Louvre was originally an old hunting-seat, probably established for wolf-hunting, as its name in a manner indicates. Later it was covered by a fortress built by Philippe

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Auguste. It was transformed into a royal residence by Charles V. Subsequently this was demolished and a new palace was erected for Francis I. The long picture gallery designed to connect the palace of the Louvre with the palace of the Tuileries was inaugurated by Catherine de Medici and Charles IX and finished by Henry IV. This vast structure, forming a square of a quarter of a mile in dimensions, was further enlarged and beautified by Cardinal Richelieu, and the First and Third Napoleons, making it, on the whole, the most magnificent palatial residence in the world.

The Tuileries continued to be the residence of the imperial family, while the Louvre formed a series of splendid art galleries, filled with masterpieces of chisel and brush, together with priceless collections of Greek, Roman and Egyptian antiquities.

The Tuileries, and a portion of the Louvre housing the great library, fell before the torch of the Communists, but the treasures of art escaped destruction. A large sum of money was voted by the French Government for the restoration of the Louvre, and today it is the depository of art collections said to be matchless in scope, value and variety.

The gardens leading to the Colonnade are adorned with statues of famous painters, including Meissonier, Boucher and Valequez. We entered the palace by the Denon gallery, so named for the noted art critic and etcher, Denon, who accompanied the

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First Napoleon upon his various expeditions of conquest, and, incidentally, selected many rare specimens of art—the spoils of war—for the Louvre.

Ascending the grand stairway, graced by a beautiful figure of "Victory," we passed into the Apollo gallery, hung with wonderful tapestries and containing many relics and articles of historic interest—notably the Crown of Charlemagne, the State Sword of Napoleon, and the Regent Diamond. This magnificent gem (if the real one) has quite a history. It is valued at more than half a million dollars, and once decorated the hilt of the state sword of Napoleon. Of special interest to us, as true daughters of Eve, was a small bevel-edged mirror in a narrow gilt frame. It was the first one ever brought to Paris, and belonged to Marie de Medici. It came from Venice.

We soon lost track of the names of the different galleries. In fact, we did not try to remember them. We only knew they were a continuous succession of beautiful works of art and treasured relics of the past.

We stood enraptured before wonderful paintings by Rubens, Raphael, Titian, Da Vinci, Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Millet, Gainsboro and others. In such a gathering of the celestials we could only be still and silently rejoice that this great privilege had come to us. We were in the presence of men who had built the vision, and, through the medium of

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their genius, have left their messages as priceless "hostages to fortune" for all time.

We viewed with particular and timely interest the spot, the very nail print, on the wall from which the Mona Lisa so mysteriously disappeared.

Among the canvases especially strong in their appeal I will mention the "Wedding at Cana," the "Carpenter's Shop," "The Annunciation," a fine copy of "The Last Supper," and the "First Singers of the Marseillaise Hymn."

The history of the last-mentioned work, or rather its inspiration, is worth knowing. "The Marseillaise," that inspiring song of France so dear to the heart of every Frenchman, was written at the time of the First Revolution, early in the year 1792. A company of volunteers about to leave Strassburg were tendered a banquet by the mayor of the city, who asked an artillery officer, Rouget de Lisle, to compose a song in their honor. The result was that the song, both words and melody, was completed in a single night. The next day it was sung with the rapturous enthusiasm so characteristic of the French, and, instead of six hundred volunteers, one thousand marched out of Strassburg. Soon from the whole army of the North resounded the thrilling and fiery words: "Aux Armes, Aux Armes."

The song, however, was still unknown in Paris. Barbaroux introduced it there when he summoned the youth of Marseillaise to the capital in July, 1792, several months after it was first sung in Strassburg.

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The Parisians received it with transports of rapture, and, not knowing its real authorship, they named it the "Hymn des Marseillaise."

This stirring national hymn of France has gone into every land where Frenchmen have made their homes, and will live as long as the spirit of freedom lives in their souls. It proves, too, that music or poetry inspired by true patriotism, and thrown off in a white heat of passionate feeling, goes burning down the centuries and never loses its power to kindle in the human heart the flame of enthusiasm and courage. Why? Because it is the spark divine!

The collections of statuary at the Louvre, both modern and antique, are indescribable. But, passing by such famous sculptures as the "Venus de Milo," "Hercules," and many other classics, we paused with pride before the fine statue of La Fayette erected by the school children of the United States.

From the Louvre we hurried on to the Church of the Madeline, a superb structure modeled after the Parthenon at Athens considered the most perfect specimen of Greek architecture in the world.

The Madeline Church, with its wide sweep of stone steps and spacious porches, surrounded by stately Grecian columns, presents a perfect example of chaste and elegant simplicity. The interior is a veritable store-house of art. Great mural paintings, enormous in dimensions, reflect volumes of history and legend. Indeed, so closely are these

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interwoven that it is difficult to draw the line between fact and tradition. Paris has two patron saints—St. Denis and St. Genevieve. One was born in the third century, the other in the fifth century. Both are well commemorated in this church.

A series of paintings portray incidents in the life of St. Genevieve from early childhood until the time of her death, which occurred at an advanced age. One canvas shows her as a little child kneeling at a wayside shrine; another, while still a child, surrounded by men, women, and children in worshipful attitude; while in still another she stands on a balcony, in all the glory of a moonlit night, keeping prayerful watch over the sleeping city. Probably the most impressive picture of the series is the one portraying her quieting and comforting the excited populace. The news has reached them that Attila, dread King of the Huns, and his hordes are marching toward Paris. No wonder the people trembled at the very thought of this pitiless warrior whom tradition declares wielded a "supernatural sword." St. Genevieve assured them that no harm should befall them. She prayed all the night long for the safety of the city, and, through her intercessions, Attila with his army of barbarians passed quietly on by and laid not a hand on Paris or her people.

The "Death of St. Genevieve" shows her bed surrounded by sorrowing men and women, some of whom are holding aloft little children that the gaze

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of the dying saint may, perchance, rest for a moment upon them.

Scarcely less interesting are the great canvases in connection with Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans. One large painting shows her receiving the vision of the angel with the sword, and harkening to the mysterious voices as she tends her flocks in quiet, green pastures. Another one shows her clad in armor, with all the panoply of war, mounted on a snow-white charger at the head of the French troops whom she inspired with new enthusiasm through her own faith in her heavenly mission. The whole story is spectacular and, as most of my readers doubtless know, ended in tragedy. Joan was burned at the stake May thirtieth, 1431, and was beatified in 1894 by Pope Leo XIII.

Verily, consistency is, indeed, a jewel.

Other great murals have to do with Clovis, King of the Franks, and his wife Clotilda. He was a heathen warrior. She was a Christian, and greatly desired the conversion of her husband. One day, in a desperate battle with Alemanni, near Cologne, Clovis was hard pressed and, as a last hope, he invoked the God of Clotilda, promising to become a Christian if given the victory. He was successful in gaining the battle, and not only kept his promise but became so zealous in his religion that he had thousands of his warriors baptized.

Notwithstanding Clovis was saluted by Pope Anastasius as "Most Christian King," and that Clo-

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tilda was canonized by Pelagius I, one can only wonder, in the light of subsequent history, by what standard their piety was measured, and also wonder what is the real difference between Pagan and Christian barbarism.

Still, in the evolution of the race, although the way has led through clamor and war and pestilence, the trend has ever been onward and upward. While history has marked the journey with cold, hard milestones of fact, art has beautified it with color and hope and inspiration. We know that, eventually, all warfare will cease forever, and harmony will reign throughout the earth. In that glad day the human race, exalted, will pitch its tents, undismayed, in the tranquil Plains of Peace.

Splendid murals show scenes in the life of St. Denis, notably those portraying him teaching and baptizing the people of Paris.

We next visited the Church of St. Stephens. This old church contains the tomb and reliquary of St. Genevieve. We noted in this connection an incident which convinced us that superstition has not been entirely eliminated from human consciousness. At the reliquary of St. Genevieve we saw a man in clerical raiment, take from the holy receptacle a pinch of something that seemed to be ashes, put it into a very small paste-board box, wind a rubber band about it, and give it to a woman who was evidently waiting to receive it. At hand was a plate on which were resting several

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pieces of the coin of the realm which may, or may not, have been given in exchange for the sacred dust.

In this enlightened age one can only marvel at such obvious superstition. Nothing is more beautiful than a pure life expressed in loving thoughts and generous deeds. Such a life is, indeed, an example and an inspiration. More it cannot be. To deify, therefore, a mortal body and enshrine it as a fetich to be worshiped, is the sheerest idolatry. But the great pity, as it seems to me, is keeping souls in bondage to beliefs which surely have been outgrown by those to whom the masses are looking for spiritual guidance.

We went from St. Stephens, with its wealth of art, to the Church of the Notre Dame. This cathedral, built in the twelfth century, and restored in the nineteenth century, is one of the finest edifices in Paris. Indeed, with its splendid facade, imposing towers and porches; its exquisite woodcarvings and glorious rose-window centuries old, it is considered one of the most notable structures in all Europe.

The Notre Dame, like all the great churches and cathedrals of Europe, is a rich treasury of art, and is also the repository of many sacred relics. We noticed here a beautiful statue of Joan of Arc. We were told it was placed here in honor of the fact that the mother of the Maid of Orleans used to come here to pray to Our Lady.

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It was in the Cathedral of the Notre Dame that Napoleon crowned himself Emperor of France, and it was here, too, that his only son was christened.

Flanking the cathedral is a pretty square adorned with a Gothic fountain, and not far away stands a colossal group representing Charlemagne, Roland, and Oliver.

So filled was the morning with interesting sights and experiences that we paid no heed to the flight of time until our conductor reminded us that it was noonday. Soon we were spinning along the beautiful thoroughfares back to the Victoria Palace hotel.

After luncheon we went direct to the Hotel des Invalides, an immense building maintained by the state for disabled soldiers. It contains the *musée d' artillerie* and the *musée d' armée*. But the great lodestone it holds for American tourists is the tomb of Napoleon Bonaparte. One section of the museum is devoted to relics of Napoleon which silently tell the pathetic story of his exile and death. Among the great number of articles in this collection we noted Napoleon's death-mask; the model of the original casket in which he was buried at St. Helena; the simple bier upon which his body was borne to its first resting place, and the gorgeous one which bore him to Paris in 1840, also the pall which covered his casket on board ship, showing decorations of the Imperial Eagle and the Bee.

A little further on we came to the gates which bar, or admit, as the case may be, the entrance to

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the tomb of Napoleon. These gates, which seldom swing open, were wrought, we were told, from cannon used in his battles. Here stood sentinel a guard in uniform wearing the Star of the Legion of Honor.

Ascending a short flight of steps we entered a large chapel flooded with sunlight of gold which streamed in through a wonderful yellow window directly above an altar supported by pillars of black marble.

A moment later we were looking down into the circular crypt, upon the sarcophagus, hewn from a solid block of Finland porphyry, containing its handful of dust—all that remains of the once mighty Napoleon.

Below the railing which surrounds the crypt, hang the flags of many nations, mute reminders of a time when a continent trembled before the will of this seemingly invincible warrior.

It is impossible to express the feelings, the emotions, that came surging over me. I remembered that just one hundred years ago this mighty military genius was writing the closing chapters of his spectacular career. We had followed his bloody trail all over Europe. And now as we stood so near his mortal remains, the curtains of the past slipped silently apart, revealing a scene of wreck and ruin and carnage from plains of sunny Italy to Russia's fields of snow.

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In this shadowy panorama of years long dead, there glided, phantom-like, a little white stone that stands far out on western frontiers. As it passed before my mental vision, bearing its appalling legends, I read: "Napoleon Bonaparte passed this way with four hundred and fifty thousand men." Then, as if by magic, was turned its reverse side and again I read: "Napoleon Bonaparte passed this way with only eighty thousand men."

Think of it, oh, ye mothers of the world! It was mothers who made this stupendous sacrifice. It was mothers who paid the precious tribute of three hundred and seventy thousand sons for the selfish exaltation of one man!

The picture was too harrowing. I turned away from it. But I said to myself, this is the warrior, the soldier, the genius, the conqueror. Let us look at the man. Perchance his humanity will redeem his barbarity. But, alas, we see a woman bruised and crushed and broken. We catch the smothered sobs of a heart that is bleeding. We see the humiliation of a queen uncrowned, and hear the bitter moans of a wife repudiated!

Then I remembered that his marriage with Josephine was childless, and, coming across the century, I could hear the extenuating plea of Napoleon for an heir to perpetuate his name and to inherit his glory. The conqueror was at the zenith of his power. But from the fateful day that he divorced Josephine and allied himself with the imperial

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House of Austria, through marriage with Princess Marie Louise, the avenging goddess, Nemesis, seemed to stand henceforth and forever at his side.

My readers, no doubt, are familiar with the unhappy sequel—the tempting fruit turning to dead-sea apples upon the lips. We had recently stood beside the tomb of "the young eaglet"—the longed-for son of Napoleon—in the royal burial vaults in Vienna. We remembered that his brief, delicate span of life faded away like a flower, and though he was born amid great rejoicing in the city of Paris, he died at the palace of Schönbrunn in the city of Vienna, unhonored and unrecognized by the people of France.

I have neither the desire nor the ability to judge the First Napoleon. In all probability another century must pass before an unbiased and proper resumé of his life and genius can be written and his place permanently fixed in the world's history. Why? Because he is one of the enigmas of the ages.

No one, as yet, who has studied his marvelous deeds and matchless achievements has been able to analyze and classify him, or to decide whether he was a god or a barbarian: a man or a demon.

Again our eyes rested upon the tomb of the Man of Destiny. We pity him. God only can judge him.

After leaving the Hotel des Invalides we went for a spin about the beautiful city.

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Paris, it is said, owes much of its civic charm to the Third Napoleon, who, in connection with the prefect of the Seine, did much toward carrying out its tasteful and harmonious system of improvement. The Siene, too, lends itself admirably to the general effectiveness of the scheme. This river, flowing gently and smoothly through the heart of the city, is spanned by twenty-eight bridges, many of them handsome structures adorned with naval and military trophies commemorating events and victories connected with the Second Empire.

Our round of sight-seeing ended with a visit to the Exposition Grounds, where we partook of light refreshments and where some of our party enjoyed a sweeping view from the top of the Eiffel Tower, the highest monument in the world.

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BOOK NINETEEN

Versailles, its Fountains and Gardens

THE program for the second day of our stay in Paris was a trip to Versailles, once the seat of the French Court.

Soon after breakfast a large vehicle known as a brake, drawn by five splendid dapple-grey horses with strings of tuneful bells hung about their harness, stood at the door of the hotel. A few moments later we were driving along the premier thoroughfare of Paris, the famous Champs Elysees. It is, indeed, a beautiful street, but scarcely more so than may be found in my own home city, St. Louis. It is simply older and different.

Among the handsome residences bordering this fine boulevard is that of one of our titled American women, the former Annie Gould. It is patterned after the Grand Trianon.

The drive from Paris to Versailles was a most enjoyable one, full of interest all the way. From the broad, lofty highway at the outskirts of Paris, we looked back upon one of the most beautiful cities of the world, as we left its environs and slipped into the cool, green woodland through which the roadway runs. Our special conductor

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was familiar with every old landmark along the route, and related many interesting bits of history and entertaining incidents connected with them.

As the distance between Paris and Versailles is about fifteen miles, it was nearly midday when we reached the latter place.

We drove down a long, shady avenue arched over with interlacing branches of noble old trees and stopped at the entrance gates of the Little Trianon.

This tiny palace, set in the midst of a spacious lawn, was built by the order of Louis XV for Madame Du Barry, successor in the King's favor, to Madame Pompadour. Louis XVI presented it to his wife, Marie Antoinette, and it is said to have been the favorite residence of this unfortunate queen.

Through an opening in a tall hedgerow we passed from the lawn of the Little Trianon into a vast wooded park, whose deep solitude and great trees, ages old, suggest the forest primeval. Here Marie Antoinette built a typical Swiss village, where the ladies of her court would come to visit her dressed as peasant women.

It is certainly an idyllic spot, with its picturesque chalet, a limpid lake reflecting the azure skies above, a snowy Temple of Love rising from out a circling ring of water, all overshadowed by softly-whispering trees. Here, too, is the dairy, grey and ivy-grown, with its marble slabs, where her majesty

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made and moulded her golden butter as deftly as the humblest country woman of her kingdom.

It is said of Marie Antoinette that the happiest days of her eventful young life were spent in this secluded nook, with her little children, away from the dissipations and intrigues of a reckless and profligate court.

A clear, winding stream, spanned by a rustic bridge, goes purling and singing between grassy margins until it loses itself in the tranquil lake, whose waters are disturbed only by the stately swans gliding gracefully over its mirror-like surface.

As we approached this rustic bridge, our guide, through some mystic feat of legerdemain, produced a large loaf of bread which he broke into pieces and distributed amongst us, saying, "Wait a minute." Then, in answer to a peculiar call, came myriads of hungry carp, fairly tumbling over one another in their eagerness to capture the bits of bread we cast upon the water. As visitors to St. Mark's feed the pigeons, so visitors to this romantic park feed the fishes. Neither the pigeons nor the carp have any fear of humankind.

Passing out through a gateway in a stone wall overgrown with trailing ivy, we were, a few moments later, at the Grand Trianon, a palace of pink marble environed by gardens that are dreams of beauty. The Grand Trianon was built by Mansard

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under order of Louis XIV for his favorite, Madame de Maintenon.

In visiting European capitals, one so frequently crosses the colorful byways of the Pompadours of the past, that one naturally wonders if the primrose path of statesmanship is now a closed trail to feminine feet. One would gladly believe that it is. But a certain distinguished journalist, writing recently along this line, declares that the role of Egeria is ever operative and always waiting to be filled. He further indicates that a little more discretion in arranging the setting has not altered the essentials of the case. In his story he turns his searchlight upon kingdoms, empires and some of the republics of the world and points out how and where modern Pompadours are today acting as counsellors to kings and rulers, and are, as of old, the real power behind the throne. He believes the aphorism remains as true as ever in politics as in society *cherzes la Femme*.

Well, it certainly gives to history the rosy glow of romance to know that the smile of a pretty woman has often outweighed the interests of teeming millions, and that the way to "shape the whisper of a throne" has not been found in the musty volumes of learned men; neither by the power of brilliant statesmanship, the illumination of wisdom, the grasp of genius nor the glory of fame, but by the playing dimples of velvety cheeks and the languorous glances of liquid eyes.

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One can scarcely imagine a picture more beautiful than that presented by the Grand Trianon. The splendid grounds and gardens display the highest conception of the landscape artist. My readers who visited the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis will remember that the French Government Building was a reproduction of the Grand Trianon. Those who viewed it from the highest point of the Ferris Wheel, as the writer did, have not, I am sure, forgotten the charm of the picture.

Now, if they can fancy something many times more beautiful than the miniature representation they saw, they will have some idea of the real Trianon set in wonderful rose gardens and environed by a well-kept park centuries old.

The Trianon is now a museum and repository of art, but every room tells a story and the very atmosphere seems vibrant with the gay and checkered life once lived within its now echoless walls.

We wandered from room to room—the council room, with its big, round table, the audience room and waiting room, all adorned with handsome tapestries, rare paintings and fine sculptures, while fancy peopled them with a royal train and pictured them with festive scenes and gay revelings of the long ago.

As I noted the great size of the state dining-room with its open fireplace and old-time andirons, I asked our guide if the only heat available came from that fireplace. "Yes," he answered, "and

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sometimes it was so cold that the wine froze in the goblets while guests were drinking it." I suspect, however, he intended us to take that statement with at least a "pinch of salt."

Among the interesting relics housed here we noted the splendid cameo, said to be the largest in the world, presented to Napoleon upon his coronation, by Pope Pius VII; a fine tapestry presented to Empress Eugenia by the Queen of Italy; the Zodiac table, which stands in the bed chamber of Napoleon, said to be the only genuine one, though there are hundreds of imitations in the United States alone; the bed of Josephine in which Queen Victoria refused to sleep; the bed of Napoleon I, soft and downy-looking, mounted on a bedstead of richly-inlaid mahogany.

As we strolled along the peristyle overlooking the rose gardens, we paused at the spot where Napoleon and Josephine ate Christmas dinner together after their divorcement. It seems, indeed, that Josephine was the one woman essential to the happiness of the great general, Marie Louise being essential only to his ambition!

We went from the Trianon to a nearby museum containing a large collection of royal coaches and trappings, notably those of Charles X and Napoleon I. The last-mentioned coach, which is extremely gorgeous, is said to have cost five million francs—one million dollars—and was the bridal coach of Napoleon and Marie Louise.

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From here we entered our conveyance, drove to a good hotel and were served an excellent dinner.

We spent the afternoon in the royal chateau and the beautiful grounds in which the palace is set. This royal residence of the kings of France dates from the time of Louis XIII, but owes its greatest splendor to Louis XIV, who expended fifteen million dollars upon its restoration and embellishment. In fact, to do him justice, Louis XIV, despite his famous saying, "I am the State," and however weak he may have been in the direction of "the king can do no wrong," was one of the most progressive monarchs of his time. His reign is regarded as the Augustan period of French literature and art.

Napoleon once said of him: "If Louis XIV had not been born a king, he would have been a great man—but he did not know mankind; he could not know the common people because he never knew misfortune." But he knew well the power of fortune and beauty, and, through such noted landscape artists and architects as Le Norte and Mansard, he visualized an ideal of indescribable beauty that is still giving delight to all who behold it—the wonderful royal park at Versailles. Indeed, with its enchanting groves and grottoes, its magnificent fountains and statuary, its delicious orangery, its limpid lakes and lagoons, its fragrant shrubs and radiant blossoms, its beauty is unsurpassed the world over.

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We entered the chateau from the court of honor, in whose center stands a fine equestrian statue of Louis XIV. The court on either side is adorned with statues of great and distinguished men of France. From this court we viewed the balcony upon which Marie Antoinette appeared, with her small children clinging about her, when she was demanded by the rabble of Paris. "No, no, not the children; we want you!" was their ominous cry. From the first moment of the Revolution she was an object of their fiercest hatred. She was an Austrian, born to the purple. Her mother, Maria Theresa, that wonderful ruler of Austria, had betrothed her to the Dauphin at the age of fourteen years. She was a wife at fifteen and a queen at nineteen. Young, lighthearted, gay, born, reared and married in the radiance of a throne, how could she understand the needs of the struggling populace.

But the people were starving! To the plea that they had no bread, she had answered, "Then let them eat cake!"

Little wonder that the hungry hordes were maddened beyond reason. The last bitter drop had been added to their cup of misery.

None of us can realize the terror and horror of it all!

Queen Marie Antoinette was a model mother, and the devotion of her oldest son, the little Louis, known in history as the Lost Dauphin, was beautiful

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in the extreme. The little fellow was thoughtful beyond his years. There was blended in his young life the sweetness of a cherub with the dignity of a king. His mother was his idol and his ideal. Even today one cannot read with dry eyes the pitiless fate of the little Dauphin. In fact, the tragic ending of this royal family is one of the pathetic pages in the history of France.

The palace is now a museum and storehouse of art, founded by Louis Philippe and dedicated to "all the glories of France."

Probably no other portion of the wonderful collections gathered here is more typical of the "glories of France" than the immense Gallery of Battles. Here on a number of vast canvases are pictured the achievements and victories of the Napoleon wars. As I viewed these great battle-scenes, most of which show the famous warrior, mounted on his white charger, well in the foreground, I made what I soon felt was a most undiplomatic speech. "I do not see the 'Battle of Waterloo,'" I said innocently enough. "We saw a marvelous picture of that battle in Brussels." "Why should we have that picture here?" retorted our guide in disgust. "There is nothing in a defeated warrior to inspire the youth of France!"

Then it dawned upon me that I had trodden on dangerous ground; and it also dawned upon me that the "Battle of Waterloo" might be dedicated

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to the "glories of Belgium," upon whose soil the lost battle was fought.

We passed on to the Gallery of Mirrors, the erstwhile state ballroom of the French court. The walls of this imposing salon are faced with mirrors, and the floor of marquetry is so mirror-like that one almost hesitates to cross it. One can readily fancy the brilliancy of a fashionable court ball under the gleaming chandeliers and amid the flashing mirrors of this great room. One can fancy, too, the gallantry of Frenchmen, to the manner born, and the matchless grace of the world's most vivacious women; also the poetry of motion as twinkling feet kept rhythmic step to strains of witching music, and

"Eyes looked love to eyes that spoke again."

In such a company of "fair women and brave men" one might exclaim in the very intoxication of delight:

"On with the dance, let joy be unconfined!"

even though artillery rumbled in the distance, and threatening rabbles clamored at the gates.

We divided our time between the chateau and the grounds, for while the palace is devoted largely to the warlike glories of France, the grounds are devoted to the peaceful glories of Nature. Wherever we turned a vision of beauty greeted us. We will always remember with delight the fountains and gardens of Versailles.

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The remainder of our stay in Paris was spent quite informally. We drove about over the beautiful city, went shopping in the fashionable magazins, as Parisians call their department stores; attended an evening of grand opera in the famous opera house, and enjoyed ourselves generally. Representatives of the Paris press called at our hotel and interviewed us relative to our mission abroad, and we received courteous consideration everywhere.

Some of our party make a trip to Sevres to visit the national potteries there. It was from Sevres that M. Taxile Doat came to take charge of the pottery and porcelain works of the Woman's Republic, University City, Missouri. He is one of the recognized authorities of the world in ceramics.

We were somewhat reluctant to leave Paris. It is such a charming city in so many ways. But our time was up, and Saturday morning, July twelfth, we entered taxis and were whisked away to the railway station en route to London by way of Boulogne and Folkstone.

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BOOK TWENTY

London, the World's Metropolis

CROSSING the English Channel is an experience not always pleasant. This stretch of narrow sea is usually rough and "choppy," and sometimes demands extortionate tribute from those who subject themselves to its dominion.

When we reached Boulogne and went aboard the steamer that was to carry us across, it was noonday and dinner was ready in the dining-salon.

Our conductor laughingly congratulated us upon having the opportunity to dine while the vessel was still in port, intimating that we would probably not want to eat after we left shore.

But again good fortune favored us. The channel was comparatively placid. Not one of us was seasick, though the cabin below deck was filled with women passengers who had taken temporary berths there preparatory for whatever might happen.

The sail was delightful. We sat out on the deck and enjoyed every minute of it.

Our genial conductor, Mr. Solbach, told us, as we were leaving Paris, that his wife and baby would be in London to meet him. He had met us the morning we landed in Cuxhaven, and had been so thoughtful of our comfort throughout the tour, now

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about to close, that we wished to show our appreciation in some fitting way. The "baby" afforded us the opportunity. After a brief conference our ideas crystalized into a little purse of gold coin for the young scion of the house of Solbach.

Before we reached shore, our conductor joined us, and we were ready to surprise him. Dr. Clara C. Austin, Ambassador from Massachusetts, who has long been on intimate terms with his majesty, the stork, was delegated to make the presentation speech. This she did in a pleasing and happy manner, and the response proved that we, by our offering to his first-born, had touched a tender chord in the proud father's heart.

Right here I desire to pay a tribute to Dr. Austin. She was like a ray of sunshine all the time. While we were on the Atlantic she was up bright and early every morning, making several rounds of the deck before breakfast, and by the time the rest of us appeared, she was ready to give us an inspiring verse for the day. Indeed, the youthful activity of Dr. Austin and Dr. Lockwood—the veterans of our party—was a well-merited rebuke to us younger women.

Miss Edith Davis, Ambassador from Michigan, also deserves a "bouquet" for her uniform unselfishness. If any one was feeling not quite up to the standard, the helpful sympathy of Miss Davis was always in evidence. Sixty days of intimate social contact is a trying test of personality. Therefore it

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gives me pleasure to record that, as a whole, the Ambassadors of the Woman's Republic were a democratic, considerate, agreeable body of women.

When we landed at Folkstone, there stood the train with our special car reserved as usual. A few minutes later we were speeding along beside the velvety downs and prim hedgerows of "Merrie England" to Charing Cross and on to the city of London.

It was late in the afternoon when we reached the Grafton Hotel, at which fine hostelry we were booked for our five days' stay in the metropolis of the world.

I was agreeably surprised in the city of London. I had always associated it with blinding fogs, a murky atmosphere, and grimy-looking urchins. In fact, I believe I had viewed it largely through the grey-tinted spectacles of Charles Dickens.

At any rate, I found myself wondering if the famous English author has not, in some measure, harmed the city by dismal pictures his facile pen has drawn of it. Then I remembered it was mid-summer, which very likely accounted for the absence of fog, and that we were not located in nor seeing the Dickens side of London. Better still, let us hope that life, even in the slums, has responded to the upward trend of things since he wrote his pathetic stories of the seamy side of the world's metropolis.

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However this may be, there is a solidity, a dignity, an orderliness about the place that was strong in its appeal to me.

It was late Saturday when we reached London, and we were not scheduled for any sight-seeing until Monday. Sunday morning we attended divine service at St. Paul's Cathedral, a privilege we greatly appreciated. Triumphant strains of music, chiming out from sweet-throated bells, greeted us as we approached and stepped from our autobus. Representatives of royalty and nobility were arriving in their crested carriages with gorgeous liveries, while throngs of men and women were passing with reverent tread through the wide portals of the famous old house of worship.

The scene was most impressive—so calm, so stately, so peaceful. One could but think that surely the Sabbath spirit of rest was shedding its precious balm over all the great, tired heart of London!

At St. Paul's we listened to the usual Church of England service intoned, with chanting of anthems and psalms. We were favorably seated with regard to seeing and hearing. Directly in front of the pulpit and choir, we could study the beautiful carvings, mosaics and art works without being oblivious to the impressive and somewhat spectacular service.

There is one thing I noticed in all the great cathedrals of Europe, and at which I have wondered. It is the way they are seated. The pews,

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instead of being soft and luxurious, as one would naturally expect them to be, are hard, rigid and uncomfortable and do not seem to fit into the general schemes of elegance and richness which otherwise characterize these wonderful structures.

St. Paul's, which at the time of our visit was undergoing important restorations, is the largest and most magnificent Protestant church in the world. In impressiveness it is considered a close rival of St. Peter's at Rome.

London is the seat of a bishopric, and St. Paul's the cathedral of the diocese. The church dates from early in the seventh century, the present site having been occupied at that time by a Christian church dedicated to Saint Paul. It was founded by Ethelbert, King of Kent, in 610, and was destroyed by fire in 1087. Another structure far more pretentious took its place. Old St. Paul's, as the second edifice is now called, was in the form of a Latin cross, and had seventy-six chapels, a bell tower with four bells, a chapter-house, and supported two hundred priests. On special saints' days the choristers ascended the spire to a great height and chanted anthems. On the anniversary of the conversion of St. Paul, January twenty-fifth, a fat bullock was offered at the high altar, upon which was heaped great stores of gold and silver plates and illuminated missals. The walls were sumptuously adorned with pictures, and the church contained many fine monuments.

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Old St. Paul's was consumed in the disastrous fire that swept London in 1666.

In rebuilding the city, church building very naturally received great impulse in the general reconstruction period. As many as fifty new churches for London were designed by Sir Christopher Wren, among them several plans for a new cathedral. The king, it is said, was so well pleased with one set of these plans that he ordered a large model made from them—a model still in existence, though not followed closely in the construction of the building. St. Paul's is Gothic Renaissance in architecture. With its massive, yet graceful, dome flanked by imposing towers, it suggests, in its dignity and repose, the fixed ritualism of the Church of England.

Sunday evening several of our party, chaperoned by Mrs. M. E. Jenkins, Ambassador from California, attended services in Westminster Abbey. The Right Reverend W. Boyd Carpenter delivered the sermon.

The music on this occasion included both choir and congregational singing. The service was doubly impressive through the unusual setting of historic surrounding. The old abbey, with its lofty vaultings, its long-stretching aisles, its great windows of art glass, its harmony of proportions, all pervaded by an atmosphere of solemnity, dignity and grandeur, produced in us a feeling of awesome admiration.

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The whole day was one of spiritual uplift. Each one of us, I am sure, will always appreciate having enjoyed the privilege of worshiping with the good people of London in their noble old sanctuaries—St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey.

Monday and Tuesday were devoted to a round of sight-seeing. Here, as in other cities, we had a special local guide who knew just where to take us with the least possible loss of time.

We went first to the British Museum. Had we seen nothing else in London that would have sufficed. What a magnificent building it is! Stupendous in size, with its wonderful Pantheonic dome, its broad double-columned porticos and classic colonnades, the structure is truly a masterpiece of Grecian-Ionic architecture.

The matchless collections housed here center about the bequest of Sir Hans Sloane, who, in the middle of the seventeenth century, bequeathed, under conditions accepted by the government, a fine collection of art works and natural history objects, together with a considerable library of valuable books and manuscripts. This collection, representing the work of a lifetime, formed the nucleus around which has developed the present world-famous institution—the British museum.

As time went on many other choice collections were donated, and otherwise acquired, notably the splendid library presented by King George IV,

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which his father, during his long reign, had assembled at a cost of approximately a million dollars. Today the museum is a vast encyclopedia of the world's history, told in remains, ruins, books, manuscripts, drawings, prints, sculptures, potteries, bronzes, old coins, and antiquities of all kinds and of all nations—Egyptian, Babylonian, Assyrian, Greek and Roman.

Through these mute reminders of a silent past, one can go back, so to speak, to thousands of years before the Christian era, and gain through these classified exhibits a fairly good idea of the progress, ideals, religion and civilization of those ancient peoples. Furthermore, the antiquarian may, through the prehistoric remains assembled here, grope his way down the dim corridors of time to the most remote period of human habitation upon the earth.

Complete facilities for scientific research are provided by this great institution, and all available data is at the command of students or experts engaged in this line of work.

Each department has a keeper and a staff of assistants. Through the perfect equipment of the museum and the efficient service of the helpers, work or study may be done in all the quietude and privacy of a home library.

Personally, nothing interested me quite so much as the Natural History Department of the museum, now housed in its fine new building at South Kensington. One can scarcely imagine such wonderful-

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ly arranged collections of animals, birds, reptiles, fishes, plants and flowers, running the whole scale of Nature's creations. But most interesting and fascinating of all, to me, was the magnificent collection of birds of glorious plumage from the Eastern Archipelago. These birds were gathered by Wallace and acquired by purchase for the museum. Of what incalculable value is such a display to the school children of London, to say nothing of the children of larger growth!

We spent the afternoon in the art galleries amongst the immortals—the masters of chisel and brush—most of whom have long since passed on to another plane of existence.

As we studied their inspiring messages, written on canvas and visualized in marble and bronze, we grasped somewhat of their religion of beauty, and realized that they have left a rich heritage, a priceless impersonal estate, to all who have eyes to see, hearts to feel, and souls to understand!

At the time we were in London, the city was in the throes of the militant suffragists. Knowing this we had determined before reaching there to take off our badges and colors of the Woman's Republic, feeling that in the unsettled state of affairs it was not good policy to attract to ourselves any particular attention. We were simply ordinary American tourists.

On our way to the art galleries, however, as we drove along by Trafalgar Square, we saw a proces-

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sion of militants marching on looking as "terrible as an army with banners." The sight was too much for one veteran of our party. In the twinkling of an eye she was waving not only her handkerchief but a good-sized American flag, and "hoo-raying" like the true pioneer in the cause that she really was—with the result that detectives trailed us all the afternoon.

The art galleries we visited were the National Gallery, Tate's Gallery, and the Wallace Collection. I shall make no effort to describe them more than to say that we viewed, in the best possible setting, exquisite masterpieces of the great artists of all school's—Dutch, Flemish, French, British, Italian—portraying with matchless skill every conceivable phase of life—nature, ideality, sentiment, history, religion, mythology, music, and poetry. Indeed, one realizes that no emotion of the heart is too elusive; no fantasy of the imagination too ethereal; no dream of the soul too intangible, for the sweeping vision and infinite grasp of these mighty men of genius.

Tuesday morning we started out early, going first to the Guildhall, which contains the assembly rooms of the Common Council. Right at hand stands the Mansion House of the Lord Mayor. Both buildings are exceedingly interesting. The Common Council comprises a membership of more than two hundred men, which, together with the Lord Mayor and an Alderman from each of the

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twenty-five city wards, forms a sort of parliament, as it were, for the management of municipal affairs.

From here we drove to St. Paul's, to "do" the old church officially. There is about the great cathedral many things of interest, notably the whispering gallery, the golden gallery, the deep-toned grand organ, and the wonderful clock whose midnight chimes float out over the sleeping city and wing their way over the distance to the dreaming gardens of Windsor Castle. The cathedral is not overdone in the way of decoration. The "Conversion of Saint Paul" is sculptured in bold relief in the pediment of the double columned portico, and the inner dome is adorned with eight fine paintings, by Sir James Thornhill, representing notable events in the life of Saint Paul.

A charming view of London and the Thames, with its bridges and water craft, is afforded from the top of the dome. But that means a climb of more than six hundred steps and, as time was precious, we did not see the vision. Instead, we went down into the crypts where rest in final repose many illustrious sons of England.

There are some fifty monuments in St. Paul's, most of them voted by parliament in honor of naval and military officers, authors, artists, and philanthropists. This church has been made a pantheon for British heroes.

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In one of the crypts in a sarcophagus of black marble are the remains of the great naval hero, Nelson, and a large tomb of porphyry contains those of the military genius Wellington.

England has honored her artists and men of letters as well as her heroes. Among them are Dr. Johnson, Howard, Hallam, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Barry, Opie, Turner, Landseer, VanDyck, Benjamin, West, Fuseli, and many others. Here, too, rests the body of Sir Christopher Wren. This seems a fitting honor. His long life of ninety years was given largely to the beautifying of London. The city did well in giving his mortal remains a place in the wonderful cathedral he designed and erected, and which stands today a stately and beautiful testimony of the architect's genius.

St. Paul's has, in times past, witnessed many imposing state processions. Various sovereigns, including Queen Anne, George III, and Queen Caroline, offered up special thanksgiving in this church. The last ceremonial of this nature was when Queen Victoria gave thanks for the recovery of the Prince of Wales.

We cast a last, lingering look upon the time-softened old edifice as we entered our conveyances and drove away, bound for the Tower of London.

When we arrived at the Tower, and passed through the entrance gates, we were divested of our handbags and umbrellas, as no one is permitted to carry any such accessories into the building.

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The Tower of London! What a grim old landmark it is! Who has not read something of its eventful history? As we strolled along its cobbled avenues, peered down into its now empty moat, and looked up at its dungeon-like towers we could almost fancy we were living in feudal days when the old stronghold was a powerful fortress of defense. Even today it has a decided military air about it, for it is the storehouse of the war department and there are quite enough soldiers in its barracks to give one the impression of "armed peace." The castellated walls, with their turrets and towers, enclose an area of about twelve acres. Within this outer wall is another wall similar in construction, which surrounds the various barracks and armories. The dominant feature of all, however, is the lofty keep or donjon built in the time of William the Conqueror and known as the White Tower. This tower was the court of the Plantagenet Kings, and, with its great walls of solid masonry, is the interest-center of the entire structure.

The whole tower is intensely interesting. In traversing it we came upon many pathetic reminders of its tragic history. How inconceivably horrible it must have been to be incarcerated in these gloomy old dungeons! No wonder that the walls are today sorrowful memorials to helpless victims of a cruel fate!

In a rail-enclosed circle, in one of the courts, a plate of brass marks the spot where once stood the

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guillotine and where many a proud head bowed to the headsman's axe—even that of the young and beautiful Lady Jane Grey.

The exhibits of ancient and medieval armor in the Horse Armory are wonderful. What a striking spectacle must have been an army of cavalry in those days when warriors and their war chargers were clad in coats of mail and armors of steel! Yet, with all of its brave showing and glittering accoutrements, and however heartless and vicious its purpose, ancient warfare was child's play compared with deadly modern warfare. Then it was warfare, now it is murder. Then men were benighted, now they are enlightened. War, today, is unthinkable, unpardonable. It is cold-blooded murder—slaughter of the innocents—breaker of women's hearts. Oh, that it were wiped from the face of the earth now, as it must be eventually!

After a brisk tour of the Jewel House, and a hasty survey of crown jewels, regalias, scepters, crowns and other insignia of royalty, we passed out into the open.

I was glad the sun was shining.

The Tower of London is, historically speaking, the most interesting building in all England. It dates from the eleventh century. Tradition claims that the site was occupied at a still earlier period by a Roman fortress built by Julius Caesar. The old stronghold has withstood many a siege of feudal

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days, but it is not probable that it could long withstand the fierce bombardment of modern arms. The Tower overlooks the Thames, which is spanned at this point by a fine bridge.

It was with a sense of relief that we passed out through the iron gates, away from the grim old structure which is permeated through and through with the history and the mystery of well-nigh a thousand years.

It was high noon and we drove direct to our hotel. After a good luncheon and an hour's rest we fared forth again.

Most of the afternoon was spent in the open, driving along the fine thoroughfares and enjoying the parks and breathing places of the great city.

As we drove along the Strand, overlooking the Thames with its beautiful embankment, we were attracted by the stately Cleopatra's Needle standing there, which was transplanted from Egypt into England thirty-five years ago. These massive shafts of stone, bearing in hieroglyph their legends of centuries agone, are vital links connecting the present with the past. It was our privilege, during our tour, to behold four of these ancient obelisks—one in New York City, one in London, one in Paris, and one in the royal gardens of Schönbrunn at Vienna.

Such history as we have of them is quite interesting, especially the one in New York, which antedates the Christian era by fifteen hundred years. It

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is believed that the eyes of Moses, the great Hebrew law-giver, must have rested upon it while he was at the court of Pharaoh. The monolith, as many of my readers probably know, was presented to the United States by the Khedive of Egypt. It was, however, through the generosity of William K. Vanderbilt that it was, in 1881, brought to our country and placed, with proper ceremony, in its present commanding position in Central Park.

The obelisk gracing the Thames embankment is the companion of the one in New York. It found its way to London after a somewhat eventful voyage. Both of these great monoliths once stood at Heliopolis—"The City of the Sun"—on the delta of the Nile. This ancient city was the center of Egyptian wisdom and learning. The two obelisks were subsequently re-erected at Alexandria by Rameses II, and are popularly known as Cleopatra's Needles.

The one in Paris—the famous obelisk of Luxor—was brought to France from Egypt in 1831 and erected a little later in the Place de la Concorde, a beautiful public square which connects the Gardens of the Tuileries with the Champs Elysees. This monolith is seventy-three feet high and is completely covered with hieroglyphics. On the site where it now stands formerly stood the guillotine on which Louis XVI and his queen, Marie Antoinette, Robespierre, and many unfortunate victims of the French Revolution bared their necks to the stroke of the executioner.

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I do not know the history of the obelisk in the Gardens of Schönbrunn.

The use of obelisks in Egypt is as old as the art of the country, in whose expression they, no doubt, had important place. It is believed that at one time they were objects of worship. To me there is something about these towering shafts of stone that is almost uncanny. Veiled in the obscuring mists of ages; pervaded by an atmosphere of unbroken silence; voicing their mute legends in a language no one can understand, they are veritably closed books—records, perchance, of the wisdom, learning, progress, hopes, fears and dreams of a civilization that was old when celestial choirs chanted their anthems of "Peace on Earth" above Judean hills, and Kings of the East followed the Bethlehem Star to the place where the young Child lay.

Yes, they are closed books—a tale that is told. Why break their seals today? Their secrets are their own.

One thing that impressed me very forcibly as we moved about the thoroughfares of London was the carefulness and precision with which the street traffic is conducted. Automobiles do not go tearing and "honking" pell-mell through the streets, giving pedestrians their choice of getting out of the way quick or being run over, but are subject to that universal law of order which characterizes the city at large. In this connection I compared London with some of our American cities, and was informed by

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our guide that all travel and traffic are regulated by strict rules, any violation of which sends the culprit home by way of the police court. It is wonderful how successfully this discipline is maintained, and what a sense of safety and comfort it afforded us as we threaded our way through a maze of vehicles in some of the congested districts of London.

While we were in Hyde Park we paid a brief visit to the Dog Cemetery which occupies a little nook near Victoria Gate. Several hundred tiny mounds, covered with flowers, mark the resting-place of these treasured household pets. This miniature cemetery is kept in perfect order. The headstones, which bear many quaint and tender inscriptions, are, as a rule, of uniform size, though there are among them one Ionic cross and a broken column.

As I strolled along the narrow paths between the graves, and read some of the loving tributes engraved on the headstones, I did not envy the dogs, nor did I criticize their erstwhile owners. But my heart did go out to the multitudes of heart-hungry little children, little withered buds of humanity that would unfold and blossom as a rose under the loving care bestowed on these tiny canines. I plucked a bit of evergreen and bought a lot of post-cards of the place, lest I should forget what an important personage his English dogship is.

Our afternoon drive afforded us views of many fine monuments, notably The Albert Memorial, Hyde Park; Wellington Statue, Hyde Park; Guards

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Memorial, Pall Mall; Cleopatra's Needle, Thames Embankment; Nelson Column, Trafalgar Square, and the Crimean Monument, Westminster.

We saw the homes of Charles Dickens, Charles Reade, the Rothschilds, and other celebrities. Nor must I forget to state that we saw the "Old Curiosity Shop," made famous by Dickens. In an instant, horses were brought to a standstill and a battery of cameras in the hands of our embassy were leveled at it and films recorded for later development.

Our sight-seeing for the day ended at Westminster Abbey. Here we spent an hour or two wandering from chapel to chapel, each one fraught with exceeding interest.

We stood at the tombs and rested our hands upon the sculptured images of kings and queens with whom history has made us familiar, and we felt impressed anew with the sentiments inspired toward them by such history.

As I lingered at the tomb of Mary, Queen of Scots, and looked upon her beautiful image chiseled in pure white marble, I recalled her eventful life, her tragic death, and a great wave of pity swept over me.

Her fair head once pressed by a crown with many thorns, now seems to rest softly on an embroidered cushion of marble; her hands are raised in prayer, her face is tranquil and sweet. I love to think that she has worked out of the fateful web of destiny

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which enmeshed her young soul and destroyed her beautiful body; and to feel that she has found that "peace which passeth understanding," which must come sometime, somewhere, to all earth's weary ones.

At her feet crouches the Scottish Lion, and all about her are the emblems of royalty.

A similar memorial is that of Queen Elizabeth, the good "Queen Bess" of history. But I did not feel that appealing sense of sympathy, that touch of human interest that held me at the side of Mary, Queen of Scots. The tombs of these once hostile queens are in different aisles of the abbey. Both monuments were erected by King James I of England.

Here, too, we found, at last, the tomb of a crusader, for which Miss Bernhard, Ambassador from Pennsylvania, had been looking in all the cathedrals of Europe. Crusaders are always buried with their feet crossed, therefore we recognized this sculpture immediately. The figure was wrought in bronze, showing the full military trapping, even to the high boots and spurs, of "ye gallant knights of old."

Of course, we did not forget the Poet's Corner, over which a great rose window sheds its colorful light. This corner is crowded with monuments, busts and statues, many of them memorials of poets not buried in the abbey nor connected in any way with its history.

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We felt real joy in seeing thus honored the great poets whose inspiring songs have helped us to behold the vision of higher things—Shakespeare, Browning, Tennyson, Milton, Spenser, Scott, Burns, and our own beloved Longfellow. As I looked on the bust of the last mentioned I could fancy he is singing still his beautiful "Psalm of Life":

"Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not written of the soul."

The old abbey, grey and ivy-grown, teems with historic interest. In its stately halls are crowned the kings and queens of England, and in its silent crypts many of them rest in their last repose.

Close to Westminster Abbey stands the House of Parliament. We had hoped to visit this great capitol building and get a glimpse of the House of Lords and the House of Commons, but inasmuch as the spirit of militancy was at this time manifesting itself so aggressively the edict had gone forth from the powers that be, declaring the House of Parliament closed to all women.

We had nothing in our possession that looked anything like a bomb—in fact, none of us would know one if we saw it. But it was at least a novel sensation to feel that Englishmen were afraid of us, as I am sure we have never been able to inspire our own countrymen with any overwhelming sense of fear.

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We had, however, a glorious afternoon which was drawing to a close as we left the abbey, entered our carriages and returned to the hotel.

There was in each city we visited a certain amount of sight-seeing arranged for us under the direction of a special guide. This did not, by any means, include all we saw. Many of us had traveled extensively, were not at all timid, and in true American fashion went wherever our inclinations led us.

These "in between times" gave us opportunity to visit the shops and to entertain and enjoy ourselves in our own individual way. We were busy most of the time.

As a special social courtesy, a delightful reception was tendered us by Mr. and Mrs. Singh, both literary persons of note. Mr. Singh is an East Indian, Mrs. Singh an Englishwoman. They had called on us at the Grafton soon after our arrival in London. They knew of the Woman's Republic, and expressed deep interest in the purpose of our mission abroad. Tuesday morning, while we were still at breakfast, I received a wire from them extending their cordial invitation to all the ambassadors to spend a few hours in their home the next afternoon.

We were royally entertained. It was "a feast of reason and a flow of soul." It was not, however, the kind of intellectual feast that "puts out the kitchen fire," for we were served a perfectly delicious little spread, and, while I am quite sure we drank only

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tea, there were ripples of mirth and showers of repartee brilliant enough to suggest a more sparkling beverage.

The brief time spent in the hospitable home of these clever literary folk, who know so well how to mingle their serious work with wholesome pleasure, was one of the bright experiences of our journey which we have tucked away with our happy memories.

Thursday was our last day in London. We spent the forenoon in shopping for, of course, we wanted to get rid of all our English money. In this connection I will say that a wide-awake purveyor of Irish laces, resident in the Grafton hotel, assisted us very materially in not only relieving us of our surplus English coin, but in making serious inroads into our remaining stock of United States currency as well. She was a typical daughter of the Emerald Isle. Her speech indicated that she had kissed the Blarney Stone more than once.

The exchange of currency was one of the problems that had met us at every frontier crossing, a problem not without its amusing features. Mrs. Elizabeth M. Ridley, Ambassador from Maine, has given such a graphic account of our experiences along that line that I am going to let her tell the story of foreign coins. This is the way she puts it:

"In every phase of life, the ludicrous side exists. This fact was fully substantiated by the members of the Woman's Republic party in the use of foreign

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moneys while touring Europe. Upon landing on foreign soil it became necessary to cash money orders and letters of credit immediately, and learn the use of different coins.

"At Berlin, our first stopping place, we changed our money into marks and pfennige and then arithmetical problems began to loom up before us; not because of lack of knowledge of German coins, but a credit system was established amongst the members of our party that would outwit the most expert accountant in existence.

"Our next point to visit was Vienna, and as German money is not current in Austria, it was necessary to exchange marks and pfennige for kronen and hellers. To save the rate of exchange all German money must be disposed of. At this point the amusing feature of our trip showed itself. Some wanted to lend; others wanted to borrow, and finally, if a few coins were left on hand, sweets were purchased at the station, or a card to be used later.

"In Switzerland the coins are francs and centimes and in Belgium the same. But alas, the Belgium centimes have holes in them, therefore another change had to be made.

"In Italy we found the lira and centisami, copper, nickel, silver and gold. Ten dollars of such money was a burden and was disposed of at once.

"Holland proved to be the most unique place of all and our purchases were many and varied, from the Dutch windmills to the wooden shoes. In order

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MRS. ELIZABETH M. RIDLEY
Ambassador from Maine

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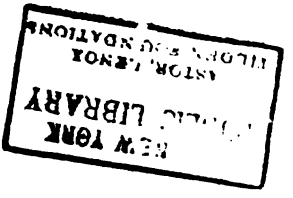

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to get these we had to have gulden or florin and cents, the smallest denomination being one-half cent, the value of which is one-fifth of a cent in United States money. As the French money is current in Italy and similar to the Swiss money we had become quite familiar with the francs and centimes when we reached Paris. In fact, the gold and silver coins in France, Belgium, Switzerland and Greece are current in each of these countries.

"In England we became acquainted with pounds, shillings, pence and farthings, and as London was the last city in the itinerary of the Woman's Republic party, we made a strenuous effort to dispose of all foreign currency, retaining but a few pieces for souvenirs of a most delightful trip abroad."

Thursday afternoon we took reluctant leave of the city of London. Our stay there had been delightful, but our time was up, and at the appointed hour we were ready to depart.

We drove to the railway station, entered one of a long train of cars, and were whisked away to Southampton.

Here we said good-bye to our faithful conductor, Mr. Solbach, and went aboard the Andania, which was lying at the docks ready to receive us.

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BOOK TWENTY-ONE

Homeward Bound

THERE is a vast difference between the way one feels in boarding a ship outward bound and in boarding a ship homeward bound. The first is an ordeal; the last is a real joy.

This feeling emphasized itself in my own consciousness at the time of our home-returning. We had enjoyed two beautiful months of travel on land and sea; each day had been fraught with new experiences, new pleasures, new delights,; yet, as we went aboard the natty Cunard liner Andania, about to leave on her maiden voyage across the Atlantic, I was inexpressibly happy.

Indeed, everybody seemed happy. No sad faces; no tears; so I concluded that all the passengers must be visitors returning from a pleasant summer's outing, and that the people gathered at Southampton docks were simply "speeding the parting guests."

Soon we slipped out of the harbor, amid the wafting of adieus from those on shore and, escorted by a bevy of white-winged gulls, the Andania turned her course toward a far-off port.

As we skirted along the coast of the beautiful Isle of Wight we saw nestled on its emerald bosom one

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of the royal residences of England—Balmoral Castle. It made a pretty picture with its snowy turrets and towers, drenched with floods of golden sunlight. Later we lounged languidly in our steamer chairs captives to the witchery of the moonlit sea. But, transcending the charm of moonlight, sunlight or starlight was the mystic refrain throbbing in every rhythmic swish of the waves and singing itself into each glad heart, "Going home; going home."

We were happy and comfortable. The Andania was stanch and white and new. As the proud little ship set her face resolutely toward an unknown shore we felt almost a human tenderness for her, and wove about her a halo of sentiment much as we might have done about a fair young bride trustingly leaving her girlhood home. Mystery veils the future. Perhaps it is well.

The art of shipbuilding has reached the last word, so to speak. The Andania, while not so imposing as some of her older and larger sisters, is a little gem of seacraft. To say nothing of the infinite care with which she has been constructed as to seaworthiness, she is equipped with every modern appliance, including the Marconi wireless apparatus, and provides every comfort and luxury of a high-class hotel. There are elegant parlors, libraries, writing and lounging rooms, showing restful and harmonious decorations, and the staterooms are spacious and airy. A finely appointed gymnasium

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offers passengers the means of working off their surplus energy and keeping trim in spite of the three heavy meals spread in the dining-salon every day, supplemented by forenoon and afternoon luncheons served on deck in the bracing seabreeze.

There were games and contests and music and dancing. Formalities disappeared like mists before the sunshine and the spirit of good cheer and good fellowship was all pervasive.

The log revealed the fact that the Andania was making faster speed than she is scheduled to make. Like a graceful white swan she skimmed lightly over the bounding billows as if intent upon scoring a praiseworthy record.

But destiny did not purpose to let her pass unchallenged. She must prove her merit and her mettle by a trying test. Her trial came when we were past mid-ocean. For three days a dense fog veiled the face of the deep. The Andania could only drift, with her fog horns blowing almost unceasingly. The icy chill in the stiff seawind, as well as the wireless, told us we were near a fleet of icebergs drifting silently down the east coast of New Foundland. There was much anxiety among the passengers. Some of the ladies were afraid to undress and retire. The husky voice of the siren was heard every moment. The captain remained at his post day and night. There was a tenseness in the very atmosphere, and superstitious ones related ominous

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"signs" which were marking our voyage, while references to the "Titanic" disaster found all too frequent expression.

At the end of the third day, after a terrific rain, the fog suddenly lifted and there, off the west, floated an immense iceberg looking like snow-crowned Pike's Peak—silent, majestic, awful!

But the sun going down in a blaze of glory, tossed a highway of gold across the sea from the far-off horizon's rim to the very decks of the sorely-tried Andania. We gazed on the inspiring sight and, remembering the rainbow of promise set in the heavens ages ago, we were comforted.

We rounded Cape Race and entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence 'neath balmy skies.

It was our last night out. We were in port at the quaint old city of Quebec, where many homeseekers had just landed—men, women and children, coming from the congested countries of the Old World to pitch their tent in the broad and fertile plains of Canada. As we watched them file out from the steerage, laden with bundles and baskets and babies, we silently wished that they might not only make the virgin fields of Canada blossom as a rose, but that they might find what they were evidently seeking—prosperity, contentment and home!

The next morning—Sunday—found us sailing up the island-dotted St. Lawrence River. What a beautiful stream it is, fringed and bordered with gay, wild flowers, indigenous to that locality!

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We had duly passed inspection of the ship's physician, our luggage was packed and strapped, and we were ready to go ashore. We spent the final hours drinking in the charm of earth and air and sky from the circling rail of the steamer's deck. The warm kiss of the sun, the soft whisper of the breeze, the dimpling ripples of the river, all seemed to breathe the same sweet story: "Almost home, almost home."

Yes, we were nearing the end of our voyage and, notwithstanding delays and dangers of fogs and icebergs, we were reaching port on schedule time.

As I review the journey from Southampton to Montreal and consider it in all of its phases, I feel a sense of personal pride in the stanch little ship with her gallant officers and crew, in appreciation of which I offer the following tribute:

ANDANIA.

The proud Andania set her sails
  For maiden trip across the sea;
Unmindful of its biting gales,
  Undaunted bv its mystery.
Like honor-maids, attending bride,
  The white seagulls, in airy train,
A-crooning hovered at her side
  To cheer her o'er the trackless main.

Old Ocean sunny billows spread,
  In crested blue her keel to greet;
The moon, full-orbed, hung overhead,
  And balmy breezes whispered sweet.
All nature most propitious seemed—
  A-tune with wind, and wave, and sea,
And none of lurking dangers dreamed
  To tempt the ship so cruelly.

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But out from secret hiding place
The sullen fog its gauze unrolled,
And veiled the fair Andania's face,
And wrapped the sea with blinding fold.
Pale, phantom ships, in icy fleet,
Maneuvered close about her track;
To friendly signals sent to greet,
The silence, only, answered back.

Day after day the pall was spread,
Night after night the danger lurked,
But steady on her way she sped—
For not a man his duty shirked!
Three days and nights, ignoring sleep,
The Captain stood, with guiding hand,
And braved the terrors of the deep—
Nor once forgot his great command!

The fog dissolved, for Nature wept,
In mood capricious to behold,
The veil of gloom away she swept,
And paved the sea with path of gold!
Through stress and storm the tempted ship
Sailed into port unscathed and free,
Triumphant on her maiden trip—
Andania, mistress of the sea!

We reached Montreal before noon, July twenty-seventh. We were met at the landing by a representative of the Cook Agency, who brought us our mail and who, in conjunction with our worthy treasurer, Mrs. Frint, looked after us generally. Soon matters pertaining to baggage, and transportation were arranged and we entered carriages and were conveyed to the Queen's Hotel, which hostelry catered to our temporal wants in a most satisfactory way.

Few cities, at home or abroad, are more interesting than Montreal. It was here we disbanded

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for our respective homes. A large contingent of the embassy, however, remained a day or two to get a brief glimpse of the Canadian metropolis. There is much to see, but I had visited the city more than once, had seen its great cathedrals, its wonderful bank, its historic places and had viewed it and its environs from the highest tower of the Notre Dame; and as there were letters and telegrams urging me to hasten homeward, I left Sunday night on a fast train for St. Louis.

It was a glorious trip, filled to the brim with the very joy of living. I am sure, therefore, that I voice the sentiment of each and every member of our embassy when I say:

"This journey is written in memory with a sunbeam."

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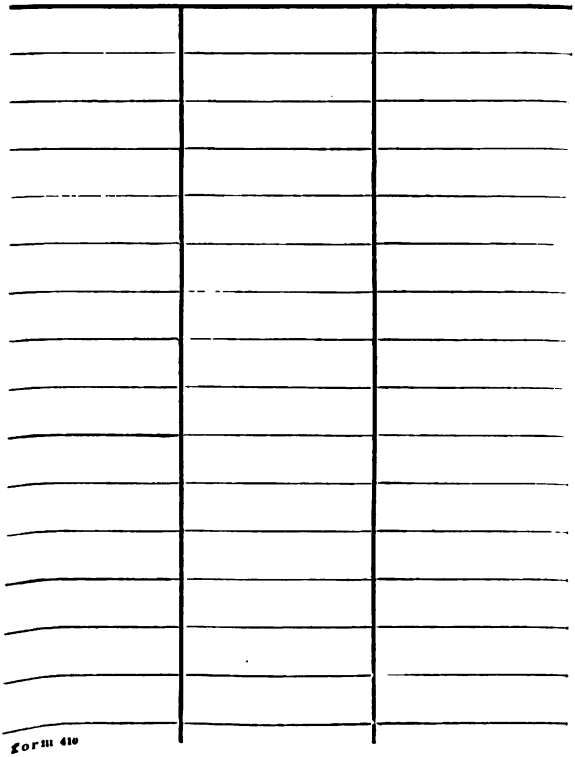

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